MARCH 14, 1983 $1.50

TIME

The Queen's Splashy Visit

"TO SHARE THE PAIN"

The Pope in Central America

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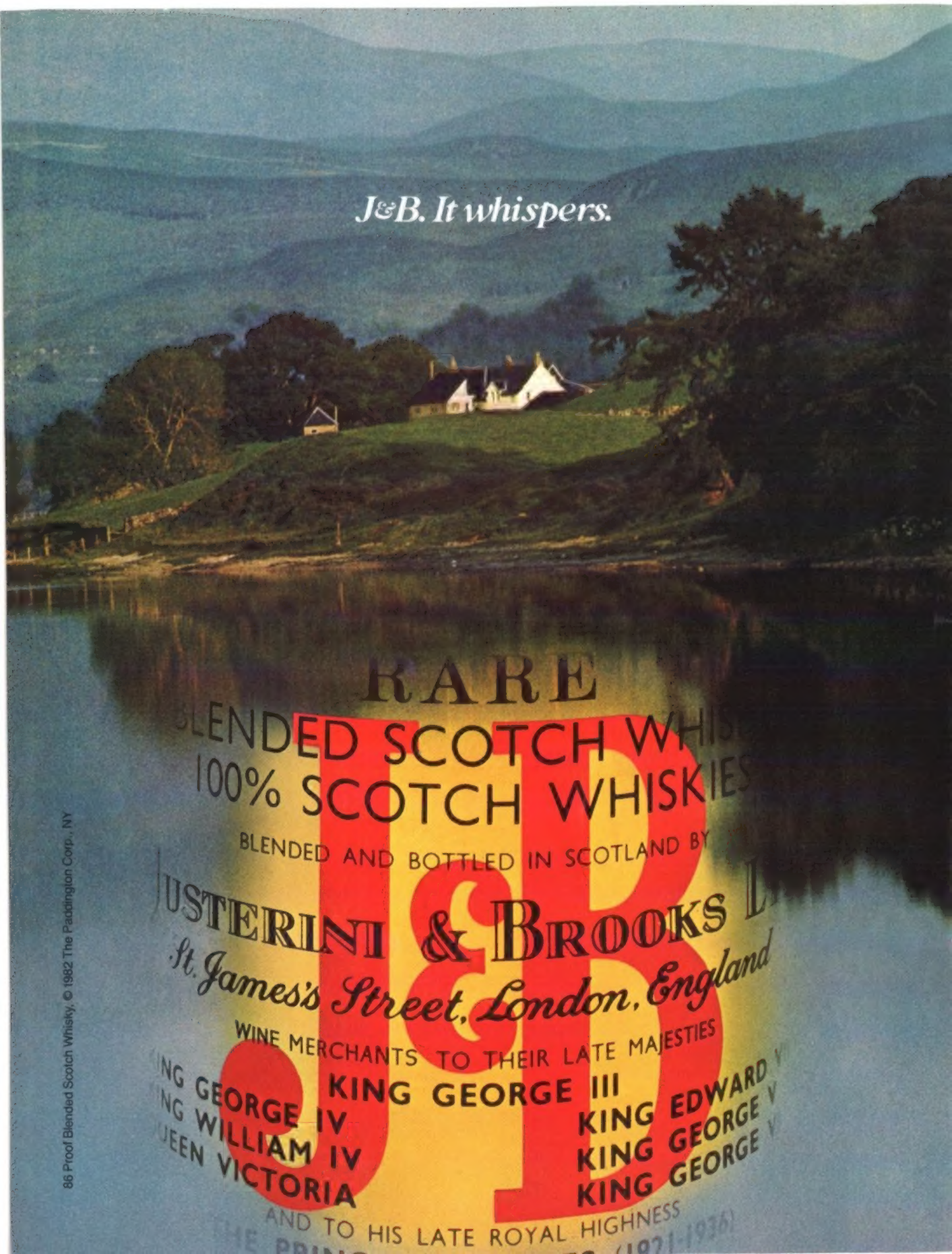
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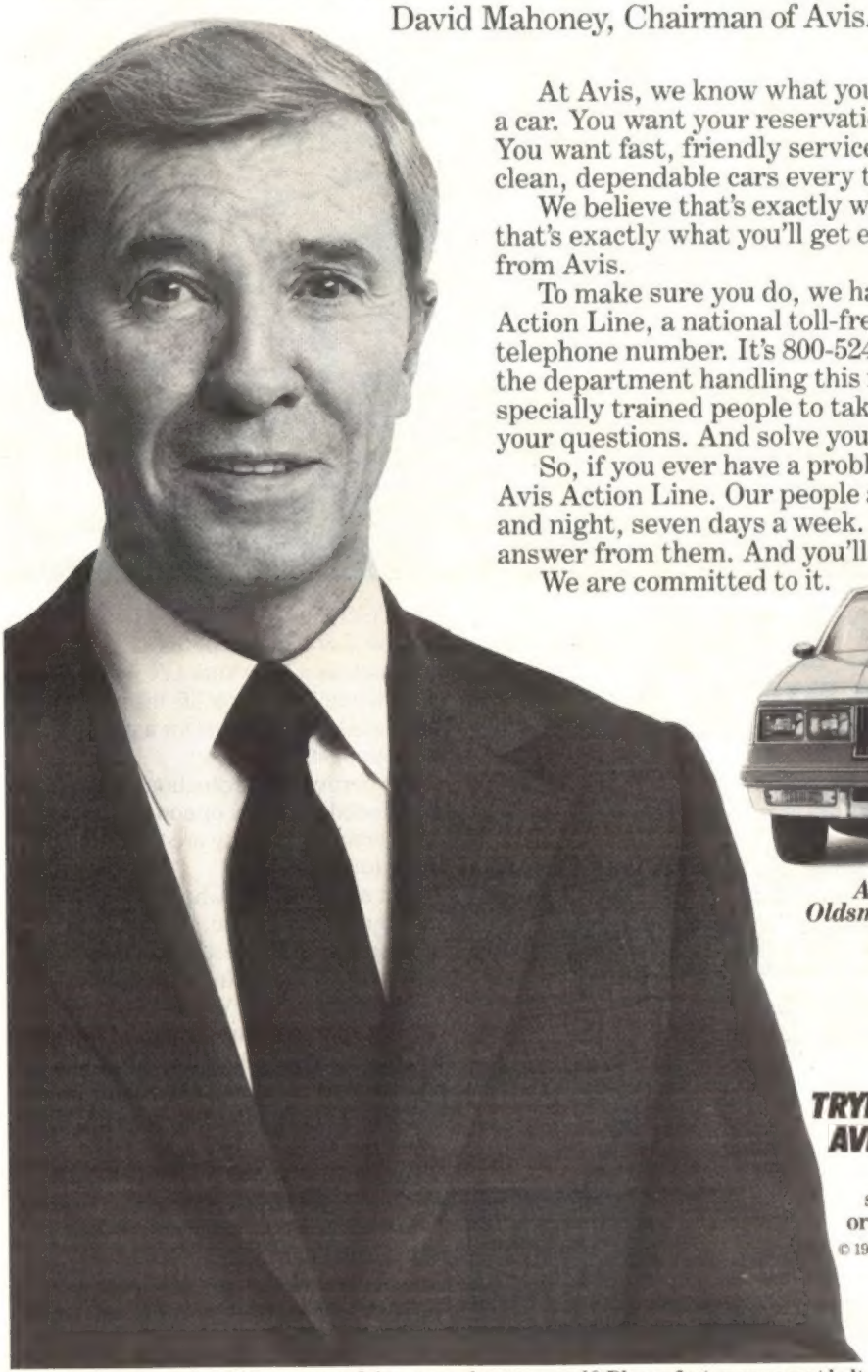

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MARCH 14, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 11 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Queen Elizabeth II of Britain and Pope John Paul II are figures on the world stage of such luster that they turn almost any trip into a journalistic superevent. Since her journey to South Africa in 1946, her first visit abroad, Elizabeth has logged about 800,000 miles to far-flung dominions and friendly former colonies, more than the combined journeys of all of England's previous monarchs since the Norman conquest. In only four years, John Paul has flown 150,000 miles, more than the previous record holder, Paul VI, traveled in his entire 15-year pontificate. Both Elizabeth and John Paul were traveling new roads last week, and chronicling their caravans proved especially challenging for TIME's reportorial teams. Los Angeles Correspondent Alessandra Stanley was drenched by torrential California rains while she followed the Queen. At one point she sought shelter under a Secret Service man's umbrella. Says Stanley: "Wherever he is, I thank him." But she did not find the foul weather her biggest frustration. "Reporters," she says, "are accustomed to covering politicians, show-business personalities, even celebrity convicts, who talk to the media. But the Queen doesn't give interviews, and her public appearances on this trip were so fleeting. I sometimes thought I could learn as much by examining her profile on a British postage stamp." For White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett, reporting the Queen's visit to President Reagan's Rancho del Cielo involved a harrowing trip by van along narrow mountain roads, fording storm-swollen streams, then marking time in rain, wind and fog. "At times like these," he muses, "one is tempted to long for the days when royalty, both hereditary and elected, were allowed more privacy. It's a subversive thought, but perhaps inescapable when your notebook is as sodden as your socks."

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Barrett, with sodden socks, at Reagan ranch

Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn has accompanied the Pope on 16 of his voyages abroad and found the current one the hardest to cover, because of the very tight security surrounding the Pope in Central America. But Wynn thinks that because of the strains in Central American church-state relations, this papal trip may ultimately rank among John Paul's most important. "At one time," he says, "I assumed that if the Pope traveled too often, his trips would lose their news impact. Somehow, the trips are never routine." This is why John Paul makes his sixth appearance on TIME's cover.

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Frank Fournier—Contact

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Our hat is off...

...to Billy Olson and Stephanie Hightower, overall winners of the 1983 USA/Mobil Indoor Track and Field Grand Prix. Olson, who was also last year's winner, set a pole vault indoor world record of 19 feet and ¼ inch during the grueling season which led up to the championship finals held February 25. Hightower, who held third place going into the finals, emerged as the Grand Prix winner among women, taking the 60-yard hurdles in an indoor world record 7.36 seconds.

They faced stiff competition from a field of superb athletes, all of whom deserve plaudits for their valiant tries for the crown.

We proudly doff our hat to all of them.

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Letters

Judging Israel

To the Editors:

Thank you for a thorough and judicious account of the "Verdict on the Massacre" [Feb. 21]. The distinction between direct and indirect responsibility is sound, though it is still questionable whether the top Israeli command was not more directly, though only partly, responsible for the calamity. Nevertheless, it is even more imperative for the Lebanese government to bring to justice those Phalangists who perpetrated the mass murders in the camps. Unless this is done, and done soon, the conscience of humanity will forever decry the horrendous miscarriage of justice.

Haig Khatchadourian
Cambridge, Mass.

It is appalling that the Jews, who for hundreds of years have been the victims of the worst atrocities, turned a blind eye and deaf ear to the events in the Sabra and Shatila camps. However, we are forgetting that the Christian Phalangists carried out the massacre.

Judith Tatarzyn
Fort Smith, Ariz.

That Begin and Sharon remain in positions of authority in spite of their com-

plicity in the Beirut massacre shows that Israel believes belligerence, self-righteousness and indifference to the plight of non-Jews are the only paths to survival.

Charles R. Simpson
State College, Pa.

The exit of General Sharon is a test not of Israeli democracy but of Israeli stupidity in succumbing to outside pressure. In the streets, Sharon is now a hero, the most popular leader next to Begin.

Mati Alon
Jerusalem

After the report of the Israeli commission was published, Yasser Arafat demanded a further inquiry by an international body. Arafat did not set up an investigation after his people wiped out the Lebanese city of Damur or for other horrors the P.L.O. conducted against Lebanese Christians.

Benjamin Arazi
Baton Rouge, La.

In your Essay you refer to the "principle of indirect responsibility" and conclude, "The report is about the treacherous and devious mind. And it says as clearly as may ever be said that we know what we know, and what we know, we act on—or do not." What are the implications for the majority of Israelis, who, knowing the findings of the commission, continue to support Begin and Sharon?

Harry R. Bain
Glenmont, N.Y.

If the conclusions of the commission are to be viewed as a "lesson in democracy" and a "turning point for Israel," then the Begin government must be replaced by one that will truly work for peace in the Middle East. Israel deserves it, the Lebanese deserve it, and the Palestinians deserve it.

John Andrew Hobden
New York City

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Toxic Troubles

It is a disgrace that President Reagan appoints people to the EPA who make a mockery of this nation's efforts to clean up its carcinogenic filth [Feb. 21]. Ill-qualified administrators who view their environmental-protection duties with indifference may lead us into another national nightmare.

John Zelezny
Sacramento

I cannot believe people are so greedy that they continue to contaminate the only place we have to live. No new chemical, regardless of its potential good, should be marketed if it cannot be treated to become nontoxic waste.

Pat Theriot
Zachary, La.

The real tragedy in the EPA controversy is that President Reagan supports the continuing emasculation of this agency.

John W. Ferner
Fort Mitchell, Ky.

Getting Mugged

As a onetime resident of New York City, I can answer one of the questions raised in your article "In New York: Be Kind to Your Mugger" [Feb. 21]. Mugging becomes an easy crime to commit because the criminal puts little value on his life and is willing to risk bodily harm, arrest and imprisonment to take someone's money. The victim, on the other hand, treasures his life and consequently is willing to part with money and pride in order to escape unharmed.

Jed Schwartz
De Witt, N.Y.

The middle-aged householder who got mugged might be questioned for being so unusually calm. Actually, his reaction was perfectly normal. He knew that he was going to be a victim of some crime in his lifetime and was aware that his turn had arrived. Though he showed signs of anger toward the muggers and even contemplated murdering them, he knew that in reality there was little or nothing that could be done.

Carmen Phillips
Philadelphia

If the protagonist had carried his gun, he could be facing trial for manslaughter for killing a couple of irritating kids over a $17 exchange. Violence does not solve the problem.

Ken Meyer
Pierre, S.Dak.

The tale of a New York City mugging sounded all too familiar. Recently robbed and beaten by seven youths in a deserted subway station, I too was surprised that "for them the whole thing had been a sort of game." However, I reject your victim's conclusion that we should arm ourselves to do battle. If we handed down more severe punishment, word would spread that mugging is a losing proposition.

Ron Wechsler
New York City

If bleeding-heart liberals suffered the pain, humiliation and fear that a mugging victim endures, they would quickly stop feeling sorry for the "disadvantaged" who do it and put their sympathies where they belong: with the victims.

Jo Garzelloni
Monticello, Iowa

$99 Coast to Coast

The losers in the airfare war [Feb. 21] are not the airlines but the people in cities where there is little competition. In these places, airlines charge outlandish fares to subsidize their discounts. It costs more [basic rate: $131 compared to $99] to fly 55 minutes from Mobile to Atlanta than to fly coast to coast.

Charles H. Behlen
Mobile, Ala.

Funderburk Furor

As an active alumna of Auburn University [Feb. 21], I must add my disapproval of its president, Hanly Funderburk. While agriculture is an important

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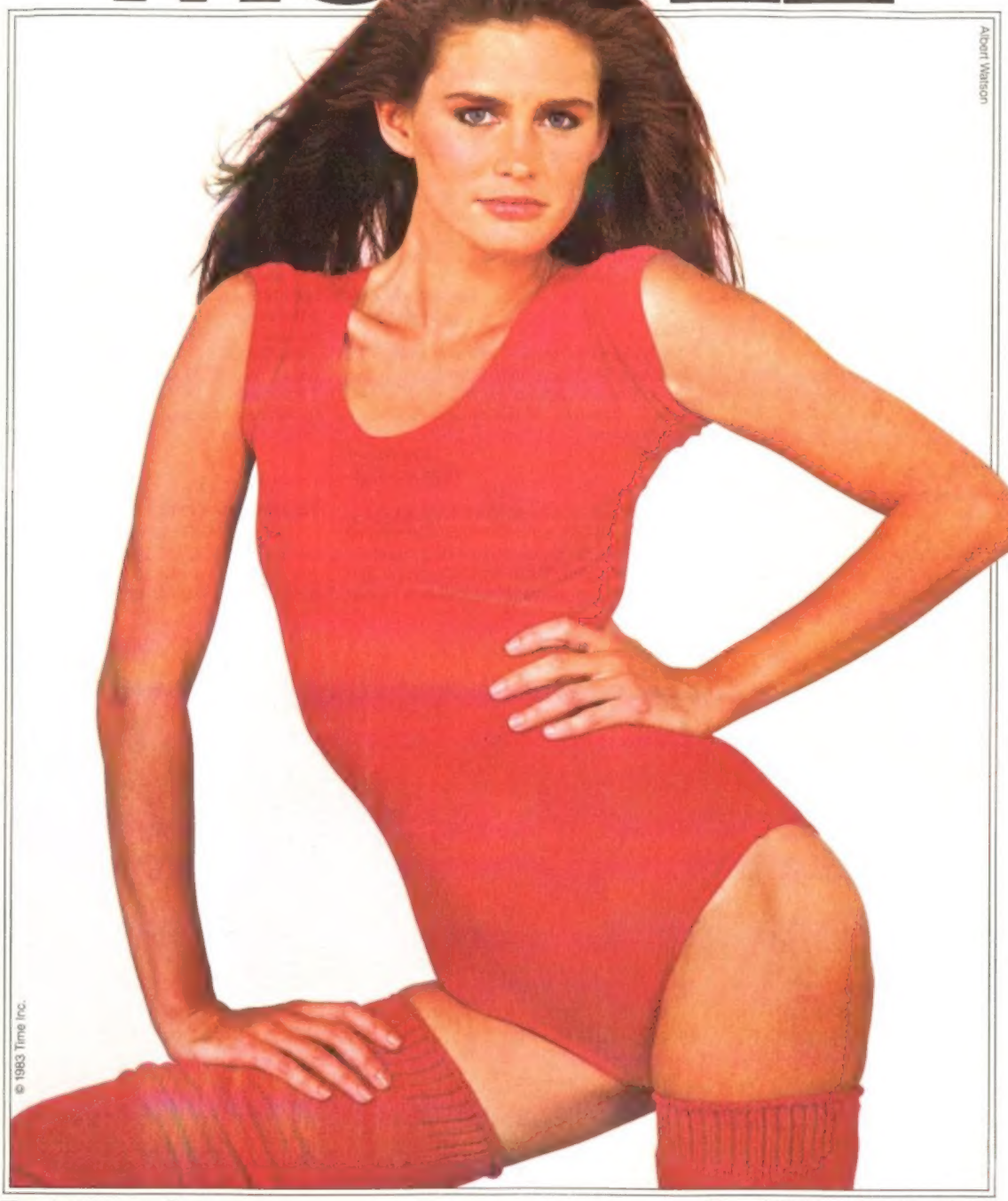

Albert Watson

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TIME

Letters

part of the school's curriculum, liberal arts must not be allowed to become less of a concern. Dr. Funderburk's vision is shortsighted.

Marie S. McCann
Providence

The troubles at Auburn University appear to be very similar to those at Boston University, where I am a student. Boston University's president, John Silber, is much like Funderburk. He has managed to alienate most of the faculty and students. His $49 million Engineering Center brought shrieks from those protesting higher tuition costs. Yet Silber is actually safeguarding Boston University by considering the interests of future generations of students.

Bill Hewitt
Allston, Mass.

I served as Auburn's student-government president in 1977-78 and as an ex-officio member of the university's board of trustees. In these hard economic times, Auburn should be glad it has Funderburk. Without him, the institution would lose its financial battle and more programs would fall.

William J. Waites
Dothan, Ala.

Nuclear Vote

The Church of England's vote on nuclear strategy, in which unilateral disarmament was rejected in favor of deterrence, is irrelevant [Feb. 21]. The role of a church is the teaching of faith and morals, not strategy. A vote on the morality of the use and possession of nuclear weapons would have been more in keeping with the church's task.

Edward Ciaccio
Douglaston, N.Y.

Fathering a Country

Congratulations to Hugh Sidey on his piece on George Washington [Feb. 21]. Reading about Washington reminded me that Albert Einstein once wrote, "Goodness and a strong character are better than intelligence and learning."

Donn Joyce
Bondi Junction, Australia

George Washington led a revolution and became the leader of his country. When his term was finished, he graciously stepped down and let a new leader take over. This act of relinquishing leadership truly demonstrated the genius of George Washington.

Norman Roth
New York City

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TIME/ MARCH 14, 1983

The Queen Makes A Royal Splash

Lighting up the unfriendly skies of California

The New World was still too new and too far for England's first Queen Elizabeth to make it over for a visit, but by any 16th century standard she was peripatetic. Elizabeth I would set out from London on "royal progresses" through the countryside, prompting an extravagant social frenzy everywhere she stopped. On a typical 1560s tour of Suffolk, one witness wrote, the Queen's hosts laid on "such sumptuous feastings and banquets as seldom in any part of the world hath been seen before." The provincials' Elizabethan party clothes were to die for. "All the velvets and silks that might be laid hands on were taken up and bought for any money," which made for "a comely troop and a noble sight to behold."

How times haven't changed. Queen Elizabeth II was in the Western U.S. last week for a ten-day visit, before heading up to British Columbia and, this Friday, back home. Sumptuous feastings? There was everything from maple soufflé and rack of lamb (and 1966 Château Lafite-Rothschild) to a hot heap of *chiles rellenos* and refried beans. Banquets? In Los Angeles, the Queen ate papaya and heard George Burns tell jokes about octogenarian sex; at an official dinner in Golden Gate Park, goose-liver *quenelles* in pheasant broth were followed by the San Francisco Opera and Symphony performing a bit of Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*. A run on velvets and silks? For just one movie-studio dinner, velvet and silk and chiffon were turned into half a million dollars' worth of dresses; custom-made hats (at up to $500 each) and long white kid gloves ($150 a pair) were *de rigueur* much of the week.

In California, where celebrity and gauzy illusion are manufactured wholesale, a kind of fantasy come to life—the Queen of England!—was everywhere, walking on red carpets. No one cared that she looked unhip in her blue matron's outfits. Fame, especially enduring fame, is the California dream, and she is transcendently famous without even trying, the embodiment of an institution as old and grand as a giant sequoia. Los Angeles Electrician Raymond Pratt, 32, waited three hours to glimpse the Queen briefly. "She is one of the few things in life that is still sacred," he said. Her presence Stateside, in any event, is special: no reigning British monarch had been to the U.S. at all until 1939, when George VI, the current Queen's father, popped over. Although Elizabeth II, 56, has visited the U.S. four times before (once as princess), no English King or Queen has ever before taken a meeting on the Coast. California, in short, was royally agog.

It was also awash in the winter's worst Pacific storms, with rains, gales and even a tornado that were catastrophic for some residents but merely inconvenient for the Queen. There was an umbrella almost perpetually over Her Majesty's head. Split-second schedules, worked out over the past nine months, had to be adjusted and at the last minute readjusted, the royal yacht *Britannia's* midweek sailing plans scrubbed in deference to 16-ft. seas, four floors of a hotel suddenly commandeered. At a dinner in her honor in San Francisco, the Queen made light of the drenching conditions. "I knew before we came that we have exported many of our traditions to the United States," she said. "But I had not realized before that weather was one of them."

When she was out in the drizzle, however, Her Majesty's smile grew wanner and wanner, and sometimes disappeared. Her frustration was plain when, emerging from President Reagan's mountaintop Rancho del Cielo (Ranch in the Sky), she took a spritz of rain in the face. Recounted Brian Vine, the monocled correspondent of the London *Daily Express*: "She looked like she had backed a loser at the Newmarket races." Despite such signs of royal pique, her press secretary, Michael Shea, insisted that the Queen was unfazed by the weather. "She loves it," he declared. Then Shea got downright fulsome in finding silver linings: "The Queen's life is so planned to the second that it is a pleasing change for her to have things go awry every so often."

The Queen, according to one biographer, "is a poor sailor," easily made queasy. Even so, the royals had intended to spend most of their time on board her yacht *Britannia*, the world's largest (412 ft. long), best staffed (a crew of 254) and most expensive (more than $5 million a year to maintain). But even in the balmy Mexican Pacific, the Queen fretted about the rough California seas ahead. The gray, forebod-

"I KNEW BEFORE WE CAME THAT WE HAVE EXPORTED MANY OF OUR TRADITIONS TO THE U.S. BUT I HAD NOT REALIZED BEFORE THAT WEATHER WAS ONE OF THEM."

■ It had rained all day, but when the President finally made it to Santa Barbara Airport to welcome the Queen, oh so proudly he hailed.

■ After dinner on the *Britannia*, luxurious and 412 ft. long, the yacht's Royal Marine Band beat retreat. At one shipboard black-tie dinner were Walter Annenberg, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Francis Coppola and Carl Sagan.

■ We shall greet them on the beaches, we shall greet them on the streets. Hundreds and sometimes thousands of royal fans showed up wherever the royal couple stopped.

■ She was not in the stratosphere, just a Los Angeles suburb. Her space-shuttle "landing" in a computerized simulator was doubly simulated: the automatic pilot was always on.

■ Royal brolly carriers had their work cut out for them all week. She tramped dutifully around the grounds of the British Home, a retirement colony for expatriates.

■ At the British Home bungalow of Sybil Jones-Bateman, a teenager during Victoria's reign, the Queen picked up a homemade quilt for her youngest grandson and, for herself, a tea cozy.

■ At a party on a movie studio back lot, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra and Dionne Warwick sang for their chicken pot pie, and George Burns cracked wise. During the performance, she smiled less.

■ The Defender of the Faith attended Episcopal church services with 600 San Diegans. Philip read Scripture and put a crisp bill in the collection plate.

■ After a week at sea, what did they show her first? A sea lion named Ushi at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. The Queen's husband seemed far more amused than the Queen.

ing skies settled in just before *Britannia* slid up to San Diego's Broadway Pier a week ago last Saturday.

Her brimming itinerary called for 20 public appearances before a weekend respite with Prince Philip at Yosemite National Park. "The Queen," said Shea, "wanted there to be a good balance between work and recreation." With a monarch, it is not always easy to know which is which. More than 6,000 San Diego citizens (and transplanted subjects) cheered and sang onshore at her arrival, but the visitor got on with business straightaway. She walked among 200 reporters (a fraction of those covering her) who had been invited aboard the comfortably staid *Britannia* to drink brandy and warm whisky. Midmingle, she had one American describe for her Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*, in which a servant is cursed for manhandling the disguised English monarch.

As it turned out, the synopsis was unhappily apt. As the Queen found her footing in the course of a harbor tour, acting San Diego Mayor William Cleator, trying to be helpful, put his palm lightly, briefly on her back. Some San Diegans were scandalized by the mayor's familiarity, and sensation-hungry Fleet Street reporters pounced. "The Queen was visibly bothered," the *Daily Express* huffed, "and frowned her disapproval."

On board the aircraft carrier *Ranger*, she talked to the pilot of a one-passenger A-7 Corsair ("So you are all on your own in there?" said she. "Yes ma'am," said he) and met a sailor called Groucho Marx. The Queen (who is Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom) and Prince Philip, turned out in his Admiral of the Fleet's dress blues, had a wardroom lunch with 50 *Ranger* officers. The menu included lobster, despite Her Majesty's widely supposed aversion to eating shellfish abroad,* and wine, thanks to a Washington waiver of the rule against shipboard drinking.

Red carpets came in all sizes. At the Scripps Institution of Oceanography near San Diego, the Queen stood on a soggy, bath-size red mat and watched, a bit warily, as an attendant coaxed a sea lion called Ushi over the edge of its tank. Scripps Director William Nierenberg, sounding more accusatory than he probably meant, declared, "You don't have sea lions in Britain." "And you very nearly didn't either," shot back Prince Philip, alluding to decades of unchecked hunting.

Following church on Sunday, an Episcopal service at which Prince Philip read from *I Corinthians 3* for 600 fellow congregants, they flew on Air Force Two to Palm Springs for an idyl with Publisher Walter Annenberg. The royals' limousine wheeled into the driveway just past the intersection of Bob Hope Drive and Frank Sinatra Drive, beyond the 30-ft.-tall repro-

*Later in the trip she had scallops, shrimp and crab. Salmon was even more popular, served to the Queen six times in six days.

duction Mayan column and within view of the three flags: Old Glory, the Union Jack and Annenberg's personal banner, a yellow Mayan rune against a white background. Annenberg, 74, spent 5½ years as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Sunnylands is a modernist San Simeon on 208 acres. Built in 1964 at a cost of $5 million, the mansion alone covers nearly an acre. Inside is a major collection of impressionist (Renoir, Monet) and postimpressionist (Gauguin, Van Gogh) paintings.

Aside from the official Anglo-American retinue, only Gerald and Betty Ford came to lunch. Annenberg had joked that for every gadabout he invited to lunch with his royal pals, he made ten or 25 enemies. (Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, expecting even more ill will from his big civic lunch the next day, said he thus "made 350 friends and 3 million enemies," in all "enough to make some of us hope it never happens again.") After lunch, as the Annenbergs' staff of 50 cleared away the maple-soufflé dishes and champagne (1970 Dom Perignon) glasses, the party motored around the perfectly green grounds—Walter driving the Queen, his wife Lee chauffeuring the Prince—in Annenberg's fleet of electric golf carts.

The Queen had wanted to see a Hollywood studio. The finest oldtime studio lot still operating is 20th Century-Fox, and the First Lady invited 500 over for dinner on sound stage No. 9, a vast space where the *M*A*S*H* series had been filmed. For this occasion, the olive drab was replaced by gay Hollywood eclectic: Ficus trees draped with fairy lights, fiber glass and plaster statues (including one of Bacchus) standing on yards of artificial turf, a 24-ft.-high fountain (from *Hello Dolly*), painted pastoral backdrops (used in *From the Terrace*) and Chinese paper lanterns.

"Hey, Mrs. Reagan!" somebody yelled outside. "Why a royal party on a movie set?" Said she, smiling: "Why not?" Especially when the place was lent by Fox Owner Marvin Davis, a Reagan contributor, and the dinner was underwritten by eight conservative California tycoons, including Reagan Patron Holmes Tuttle and Union Bank Chairman John Heidt. "We're doing it," said Heidt, "because we want it to be a private-enterprise situation." The menu was Reagan's favorite food from his favorite Los Angeles restaurant: Chasen's chicken pot pie and "snowballs," ice cream rolled in toasted coconut and covered with chocolate sauce.

Most of the guests were celebrated and fell into four categories: vintage movie actors (Roy Rogers, Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Fred MacMurray, Loretta Young, Lucille Ball, Bette Davis), British-born stars (James Mason, Roddy McDowall, Julie Andrews, Dudley Moore, Rod Stewart, Elton John), movers and shakers (Henry Kissinger, Armand Hammer) and the special-interest famous (Henry Winkler, Mort Sahl). British reporters were nonplussed by M.C. Ed McMahon but mostly liked George Burns' aging-rake jokes, while the Queen, looking unamused, seemed to scrutinize more than enjoy the pop medley sung by Frank Sinatra and Perry Como. In all, said Britain's *Guardian*, "not exactly an exhilarating performance." When the Queen left promptly at 11, some of the famous Americans disobeyed orders and stood up, craning, to gawk.

Outside the studio were two dozen demonstrators, a group roughly the size and temper that showed up at most of the stops. There were Latins ("Malvinas, Malvinas belong to Argentina!") angry about the Falklands war, but most were Irish Americans urging independence for Northern Ireland. Their placards outside Fox's gates: BRITS OUT OF IRELAND and, more immediately, BRITS OUT OF AMERICA. A small anti-anti-British crowd gathered too. "I wasn't planning to watch for the Queen," said British Transplant Lesley Heathcote, 25, who wore a BRITAIN IS GREAT T shirt and had a pet chow in a Union Jack bandanna. "But when I saw all these demonstrators, I decided to come back and give her a bit of support."

Both camps were gone by the time the wet sidewalk was jammed with a Hollywood pantheon of the Reagan generation full of wine and weariness and all wanting their cars (CHUCK'S PARKING—PLEASE STOP HERE read the sign out front). "Bloody undignified," grumped a silver-haired BBC man, "standing in the rain in an alley in Los Angeles at my age."

A harder rain fell Monday. At Rockwell International's plant in Downey, Queen and consort each stepped into the cockpit of a space shuttle simulator and played astronaut, making a video landing. The Queen was on automatic pilot; the Prince, who has piloted R.A.F. jets, grabbed the joystick and "flew" freely.

By motorcade, they raced to Los Angeles city hall, where the Queen made her only formal address. Fans swarmed outside, including one group dressed in Elizabethan doublets and capes. "Come on, pedestrians!" ordered a policeman over a bullhorn. "Heads up, pedestrians!"

Inside, the Queen reminded the 400 Americans that *Britannia* was essentially retracing a stretch of Sir Francis Drake's 1579 route up the Pacific Coast. He "claimed this territory as 'Nova Albion' for the first Queen Elizabeth," she said, "and 'for the Queen's successors forever.'" Smile. Pause. "I am happy, though, to give you an immediate assurance that I have not come here today to press that claim." (She failed to deliver the kicker that the Nova Albion/California natives at the time, utterly wowed by their godlike English visitor, lavished Drake with gifts and all conceivable hospitality.)

But seriously, the Queen continued, turning to the matter of the Falklands war, "The support of your Government and of the American people touched us deeply and demonstrated to the world that our

■ **Flooding made the tricky road up to the Reagans' ranch almost unmanageable. It took a helicopter, a bus, a jet, a fleet of limousines and a four-wheel-drive convoy to deliver all four.**

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close relationship is based on our shared commitments to the same values." The Queen ordinarily avoids public statements that smack at all of politics. Expressing gratitude to an old ally suddenly seemed a major purpose of her visit.

There were other constituencies to tend to as well. At the British Home in Sierra Madre, a retirement camp for expatriates, the Queen tramped from stucco bungalow to bungalow, pleasing the 38 residents almost unbearably. The oldest, Sybil Jones-Bateman, 97, gave Her Majesty a homemade tea cozy and a collectively sewn quilt for the infant Prince William.

Fifteen minutes away at the City of Hope National Medical Center was a pediatric research center, endowed by a British couple, for the Queen to dedicate and tour. Outside, she stooped to talk with young patients, all seriously ill, some with limbs amputated. When she reached to shake one boy's hand, for a terrible moment it seemed as if it had come off; the limb turned out to be a china toy, and the imperturbable Queen passed it to one of her ladies in waiting and continued chatting.

In London, the Queen meets on Tuesdays with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Last Tuesday, set aside for a presidential howdy, was the day the storms turned vicious and the schedules became a muddle. One of the intended high points of the week, the horseback ride of the President and the Queen around the ranch, was scratched. Then, with the twisting, barely paved, 1½-lane, 7-mile road up to the ranch flooded out in half a dozen spots, the visit was almost canceled altogether. No, wait, it was definitely on. But British reporters could not come. "This will not do!" bellowed Paul Callan of the *Daily Mirror* at a White House aide. "The British press will storm the ranch!" All right already, you can come.

Reagan, whose invitation to the Queen last June at Windsor Castle had been specifically to his ranch, was determined that the show go on, as was Nancy. "You read the President's mind," one of his aides speculated, "and it seems to be saying, 'Gee, just think, the Queen came to lunch at *my* house.' "

In any case, Reagan flew to an air base near Santa Barbara and by helicopter to the local airport, then made the tricky drive up the mountain. Next day he went back down Refugio Road in a caravan of four-wheel-drive vehicles (airlifted from Washington) to meet the Queen, who had taken a Navy bus to Long Beach airport and caught Air Force Two to Santa Barbara. Warned that the Queen's plane was late, the presidential motorcade stopped in its tracks for 19 minutes under a highway overpass. The President's advisers reckoned this was preferable to hanging about an airplane hangar. Reagan got out to stretch.

At last it was on to the Santa Barbara hangar to welcome the Queen on another red carpet, and back up Refugio Road, past somebody's hand-lettered WELCOME LIZ AND PHIL sign, to the Ranch in the Sky. En route Her Majesty put on rubber boots and a Burberry mackintosh; the President changed into cowboy boots, denim jacket and Western string tie. The hours of tough (and maybe gratuitously risky) travel were all for the sake of a Tex-Mex feast: tacos, enchiladas, stuffed chilies, guacamole, refried beans. Just after the Queen and Philip took off back down the mountain, the fog lifted and the splendid views were suddenly unshrouded. "Damn it," the President said, "I *told* them it was going to clear." Like other Golden State boosters, Reagan was rankled that the royal visitors had not been able to see California as it is supposed to be: bright and languid, metaphysically sunny. An aide was ordered,in vain, to radio the royals and bring them back.

On Wednesday *Britannia* finally left Long Beach without its passengers. The royals and their household, 30 servants and aides in all, went ahead to San Francisco by jet and checked into the Westin St. Francis Hotel's $1,200-a-night Presidential Suite. (The U.S. Government picked up the tab.) Nancy Reagan, in turn, got the London Suite (the irony was accidental). The trio and their courtiers later hooked up at the Trafalgar Room (also happenstance) in Trader Vic's restaurant.

Next day in Silicon Valley, there was a 45-minute royal tour of a Hewlett Packard microchip factory. The Queen is to get, courtesy of the Government, the company's $24,000 HP 250 business computer system. It will be installed at Buckingham Palace, presumably to help manage the breeding and feeding of her dozens of Thoroughbreds.

In San Francisco's big homosexual community, GOD SAVE THIS QUEEN buttons were popular, and on Thursday night at Kimo's Bar, a gang of happy transvestites held a Queen Elizabeth II look-alike contest. "It's a tribute to her," said Lee

An Unlikely American Friend

When President Richard Nixon appointed his friend Walter Annenberg Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in 1969, the choice was greeted with derision by much of the British press. The wealthy Annenberg, then publisher of *TV Guide*, the *Daily Racing Form* and two Philadelphia newspapers, knew nothing of statecraft. When he first met Queen Elizabeth II, he replied to her polite question about where he was living with his simulation of politesse: "We're in the embassy residence, subject, of course, to some of the discomfiture as a result of a need for, uh, elements of refurbishment and rehabilitation."

■ Annenberg and his wife Lee arrive in Los Angeles for a tribute to the Queen

One of the few Britons who did not join in the unkind laughter was the Queen. She went out of her way to get to know Annenberg better, and was so impressed that in 1976 she made him an honorary knight. That odd affinity between the prim and discreet Queen and the rough-hewn millionaire partly explains why she accepted his invitation to join him for lunch last week at his desert estate near Palm Springs. Another probable reason was royal curiosity about the estate itself. "So many members of her family and friends have visited Sunnylands and told her so much about it," Annenberg explained.

In Annenberg's "Room of Memories," the Queen shares wall space with mementos of her host's acquaintance with world figures. The Christmas cards that Annenberg has received annually from the Queen Mother since 1972 are on the wall. So, too, is a copy of his condolence letter, and Queen Elizabeth's reply, after her cousin Lord Mountbatten was killed by Irish terrorists in 1979.

Annenberg's wealth does not seem entirely inconsequential to his unusual relationship with the Queen. In his 5½ years as ambassador, he contributed lavishly to favored royal causes like the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. He also published, and sold at cost, a luxurious volume on Westminster Abbey.

Still, the Queen of England and the king of the Palm Springs desert would seem to have so little in common that even a member of the royal entourage seemed puzzled. Said he: "There are other ways the Queen could have spent her Sunday. One must assume some element of friendship between the two." Annenberg is reluctant to discuss their relationship. "One has to be terribly careful," he said last week, "or the iron curtain will fall around you just like that."

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■ The official dinner in San Francisco was impeccably executed. And fun. The crowning moment came when the Queen took responsibility for the week's English-style weather, bringing roars from Reagan and Mrs. George Shultz.

Raymond, whose dress, pearls and handbag were well chosen.

Not a bit lighthearted, however, were the pamphlets and broadsides delivered by the local Irish Republican Committee encouraging anti-British protesters to confront the Queen. At the Davies Symphony Hall's morning entertainment (which included, à la campy Carmen Miranda, two women with hats bearing huge models of downtown London and San Francisco), an Ulster émigré named Seamus Gibney screamed, "Stop the torture!" He was hauled out, Mary Martin calmly finished singing *Getting to Know You*, and the Queen's press secretary said he thought Gibney had only coughed

Some city officials thought it wrong to spend $2 million for two days of royal frolic. Seven out of eleven city supervisors thus declined to come to Symphony Hall and missed meeting the Queen at the private reception. Prince Philip, after shaking the hands of five female officials in a row, proved not quite a modern man. "Aren't there any *male* supervisors?" he wondered. "This is a nanny city."

And a highly demonstrative one Some 7,000 San Franciscans, as many angry about U.S. aid to El Salvador as about British "occupation" of Northern Ireland, gathered Thursday evening in Golden Gate Park. The bitterest complaints were about Reagan, not the powerless royals, and about putting on the ritz during a recession. "It is sickening," said Teacher Ardys Delu, 33. "All this luxury and wealth when people don't even have a place to eat or sleep."

The protesters chanted toward the De Young Memorial Museum, site of the week's official dinner, which was not, technically, a state dinner. The semantics of Government protocol seemed not to concern the Reagans and their 260 guests, for whom the black-tie affair had the giddy buzz of an ultimate diplomatic gala The Queen, at last, was wearing a crown, or anyway a big diamond tiara that could pass. The feast was an unerringly handsome affair, 25 tables surrounded by medieval Belgian tapestries (and a painting of Windsor Castle) in the specially spruced-up museum's vaulted, mock-Moorish Hearst Court.

Three Hearsts were there—Patty's parents and stepmother—along with Northern California's leading corporate capitalists, local politicians and mandarins, high-tech youth stars (*Star Wars* Director George Lucas, Apple Computer Founder Steven Jobs) and eight journalists (Brits five, Yanks three). In the receiving line, Reagan whispered to the Queen about a certain old Yankee who had just passed; the jolted Queen told her husband, and Prince Philip called back Joe DiMaggio for a chat

The Reagan Administration's main Californians were in the museum: the President, Presidential Aides Michael Deaver and Edwin Meese, National Security Adviser William Clark, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Secretary of State George Shultz. After dinner the Queen claimed that she had always wanted to visit the state. "What better time," she added, half-jokingly, "than when the President is a Californian."

The just-so cuisine, according to the chef, was Californian too, by way of *nouvelle* France. Not a taco in sight, but a puréed seafood mélange, balls of local goat cheese and a multicolored dessert grandiosely named Aurora Pacifica. The main course, veal loin stuffed with an indecent quantity of morel mushrooms, was trucked in with its own police escort. Said one oilman's wife: "This is the greatest thing since the Super Bowl." Near by, '49ers Quarterback Joe Montana dug into his endive-wrapped asparagus

Nancy Reagan, who seemed especially wide-eyed and gushy all week, had slept overnight on *Britannia* Tuesday, and marveled to an aide, "It was so clean you could have eaten off the engine room's floor." And so, she added, "What more can you ask than to spend your anniversary having dinner with the Queen aboard the royal yacht?" Friday was the 31st wedding anniversary, and it was decided to commemorate it quietly with a farewell *Britannia* dinner. The yacht's presidential flag flew upside down, but the Reagans beamed fondly; over champagne the President joked with the Queen that his 32nd anniversary efforts would pale in comparison.

The dreamy good spirits were sadly interrupted Saturday morning. In the rainy Sierra Nevada foothills northwest of Yosemite, a pack of three Secret Service cars was about 25 min. ahead of the royal party's limousines. An oncoming Mariposa County deputy sheriff's car drifted into the middle of the twisting road, striking the second car head-on. Three agents, who had been close to the royal couple all week, were killed

The Queen and Prince Philip spent the weekend, as planned, deep in the rugged Yosemite Valley. Amid 200-ft. Ponderosa pines and Ansel Adams mountain views, they had the luxury of the entire 121-room Ahwahnee Hotel, all native granite and stained glass

Alone, more or less, at last, they could have contemplated their boxes of sweet, homely American gifts: a space shuttle model, some Indians' "holy sage," a porcelain quail, a prayer book, too many plaques and countless crumpled bouquets. Maybe over tea (5 p.m. daily at the Ahwahnee) they smiled together about the parade of eager California swells who marched past last week. Or perhaps the Queen and Prince Philip sat alone up in the Sierras for two days, resting in the hush. Maybe, after all the commotion, they just mellowed out. —***By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with the President, Mary Cronin with the Queen and Alessandra Stanley/Los Angeles***

In Malibu, waves pound a seawall, above, and a home hangs over a cliff after a mud slide, left; a sea-swept boat in Santa Barbara perches atop debris.

The Pacific Weather Was Foul . . .

Rain, floods, high seas and a tornado

For Queen Elizabeth, the California weather was a surprise. For residents, it was a grim and ugly rerun of the storms that had lashed the state in late January. Only this time it was worse. Last week's floods, high waves and winds left at least 16 dead, caused more than $160 million in damage, and forced 10,000 residents to flee their threatened or damaged homes. "I'm getting tired of this," said San Francisco Meteorologist Chuck Terrell.

The rains came—and came and came—in record torrents. The Mount Wilson Observatory, just east of Los Angeles, recorded six inches in twelve hours; in parts of Orange County to the south, one-half inch fell in only eight minutes. The downpours weakened dams, washed out roads, and unleashed murderous mud slides. Three-year-old John Price was crushed to death in his bedroom when a 300-ft.-wide wall of mud swept down a hillside and crashed into his parents' Clear Lake home. Alviso, a low-lying San Jose neighborhood, was suddenly transformed into a 6-ft.-deep lake when floodwaters overflowed the banks of a nearby creek. Said San Jose Fire Department Captain Jerry Hubbard: "The rain filled Alviso like a bathtub."

Bunyanesque waves as high as 16 ft. crunched homes and municipal piers into little more than kindling wood. The raging surf destroyed Esther, the man-made oil-well island off the coast of Huntington Beach. The heavy seas bit off a 400-ft. section of the historic Santa Monica pier. Along the ravaged coast, more than 1,600 homes were damaged, including dozens in expensive enclaves of Santa Barbara and Stinson Beach. Tennis Star Billie Jean King's exclusive Malibu home, the subject of a celebrated "palimony" suit by her former lover Marilyn Barnett, was pounded off its foundation and had to be destroyed by officials for safety reasons. A tornado, rare for California, ripped through a section of Los Angeles.

President Reagan flew low over the storm-battered coast north of Los Angeles, not far from his ranch in Santa Barbara, and seemed likely to declare seven counties disaster areas, adding them to the 24 so designated in the wake of the weather's previous rampage

More storms may be on the way, moving toward the state from out over the Pacific. "By coming straight across the ocean," explains Arthur Lezzard, chief meteorologist for the National Weather Service in Los Angeles, "the storms are picking up a lot of moisture, and they are hitting California broadside. The pattern should continue for another month or so." ■

Orange-hot lava bursts high above Kilauea Volcano, top; the molten mass snakes through Royal Gardens; experts measure the flow's speed

. . . And a Volcano Was Fuming

Fountains of lava, smoking forests and lost homes

When Kilauea volcano on the island of Hawaii erupted with fiery flashes in January, Civil Defense authorities evacuated the inhabitants of Royal Gardens, a settlement in the lava's likely path. Then the temperamental fissure quieted to a seemingly safe simmer, and the 80 or so residents returned home.

But last week, as Kilauea sent a 30-ft.-high river of molten lava oozing down Queen Avenue, Royal Gardens' residents were once again on the move. The 2000° F lava finger, sometimes flowing as fast as 1 ft. per sec., buried two homes. "We were just the first domino," said one of the unfortunate homeowners. "The house just exploded. They said it took 30 seconds." It was the first time a Hawaiian volcano had destroyed a home since 1960, when lava from Kilauea wiped out the entire village of Kapoho, 16 miles away.

This time Kilauea was sending columns of lava 200 to 300 ft. in the air from a fissure some ten miles east of its main crater, which is a popular tourist attraction in Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. The red-hot viscous rock spewed forth at more than 500,000 cu. yds. per hr., building a deadly tongue of lava five miles long and 500 ft. wide at some points. Trees were not simply overrun or burned, but appeared to blow up in deep, dull explosions. "The lava wall sounded like a load of rocks unloaded off a dump truck," said Park Superintendent David Ames. "And the trees snapped as they were pushed over the flow."

Because a five-month drought has parched the island, Royal Gardens was in greater danger of being consumed by fire than of being engulfed by liquid rock. Civil Defense workers and volunteers stood near the edge of the crumbling lava wall to measure the flow and extinguish blazes ignited on the tinderbox hillsides. Authorities escorted Royal Gardens residents back to their homes one at a time to allow them to retrieve their belongings. Said Kenny Webb, a carpenter: "I had to sneak up through the brush just to save my dog." Another man brought his cow out in a pickup truck.

By week's end the glowing ribbon was less than two miles from the ocean. It was still moving slowly and could take days before it would congeal and stop. Some scientists, noting that new emissions from the volcano had ended, thought that the worst might be over. But no one was really confident that the erratic Kilauea was really ready to settle down for long and live in peace with its worried neighbors. ■

Lonely at the EPA Top

The White House puts heat on Burford as Congress closes in

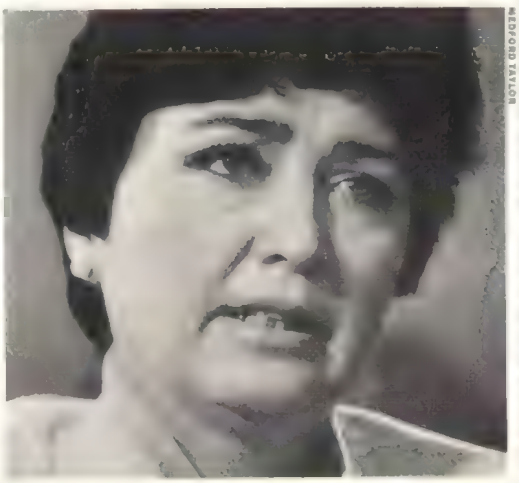
The signals were subtle at first, diplomatic hints lobbed from the White House to the Environmental Protection Agency. Presidential Advisers James Baker and Craig Fuller were quoted as saying at midweek that, despite President Reagan's public expressions of confidence in beleaguered EPA Administrator Anne Burford, firing her had indeed become an option. The Administration had counted on its showy, if belated, one-two punch—buying out dioxin-tainted Times Beach, Mo., and bolstering Burford with five seasoned deputies—to cool the controversy that has paralyzed the agency. But it soon became apparent that the EPA tar baby was not so easily unstuck.

Congress was in full cry after Burford's scalp, and the war whoops were not coming just from the political opposition. House G.O.P. Leader Robert Michel and Senator Robert Stafford, chairman of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee, called for her ouster. Other Republicans wrote to Reagan urging that Burford be dumped in favor of a politically independent scientist. By week's end White House aides were busy drawing up a list of eligible replacements, and the hints had become broadsides. Reagan's aides had reached the conclusion that Burford was a political liability and had to go.

But the feisty Burford did not seem to wilt under the heat. Even as the White House prepared to dislodge her, Burford insisted that she had done nothing wrong and would fight being "fed to the wolves." In a stunning public break with the White House, Burford told her aides, who dutifully leaked her remarks to the press, that Reagan and his advisers had botched the EPA crisis from start to finish. She said that she thought Reagan had received bad advice and that she had opposed his decision to withhold subpoenaed documents from House subcommittees probing charges of mismanagement, conflict of interest and political favoritism in the $1.6 billion Superfund program to clean up the nation's worst toxic dumps.

When, acting on the President's instructions, she refused to yield the documents, she was slapped in December with the first contempt of Congress citation ever given to such a high official. She says she vainly tried to convince Reagan at a Feb. 18 meeting that his course was wrongheaded. Now she frets that she is in the tough spot of either disobeying the President's order or being lambasted as "the lady who has things to hide." Says an aide: "She feels that if she has any chance to keep her reputation and the agency's intact, she has got to clear the air. She's just physically drained and mentally exhausted. At times she's almost trembling."

Burford's impassioned self-defense apparently was prompted by the news she received last week that the Justice Department would no longer defend her in the contempt-citation suit. Officials there explained that it would be a conflict of interest to act as her lawyer at the same time that it was investigating charges of mismanagement at the agency. Responded Burford archly: "I think we just made a breakthrough. Now maybe we can get some good legal advice over here for a change."



MEDFORD TAYLOR

ARTHUR—CAMERA 5

Burford, above, on the Hill; Dingell outside his hearings

"She's physically drained and mentally exhausted."

The White House was jolted by more charges on Capitol Hill. In an eight-page letter to the President, Representative John Dingell, a bulldog-tough Democrat from Michigan whose subcommittee has been holding closed-door hearings on the agency, claimed to have uncovered evidence of conflict of interest and perjury by ousted EPA Official Rita Lavelle and of political manipulation of the Superfund. Dingell told Reagan he has sworn statements from three witnesses who testified that Lavelle knew as early as May 28 that her former employer, Aerojet-General Corp., was one of the dumpers at Stringfellow Acid Pits in California and was potentially liable for some of the cleanup costs. These accounts contradict Lavelle's congressional testimony that she first learned of Aerojet's Stringfellow link on June 17 and took herself off the case the next day. Dingell provided this information to the Justice Department for possible prosecution.

Dingell also publicly disclosed that six EPA employees had testified that high agency officials had delayed a $6.1 million federal grant to clean up Stringfellow. The aim: to avoid aiding former Democratic Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. in his Senate campaign last year. Meanwhile, Democratic Representative James J. Florio released memos that he said came from EPA files suggesting that the agency had rushed to begin the cleanup of two New Jersey toxic dumps to boost the election chances of Republican candidates there. Dingell urged Reagan to order "the immediate and total release" of the subpoenaed documents.

Clearly stung, the President directed the Justice Department to look into the new allegations. He also extended to all congressional investigators the compromise recently reached with one of them, Representative Elliott Levitas, on the release of the documents. Under this agreement, "enforcement sensitive" sections are censored and unavailable to public viewing. They cannot be copied, but they can be examined by subcommittee members in private. Dingell and other congressional investigators scoffed at Reagan's offer. Said Dingell: "We now have solid evidence of wrongdoing, which will make it harder to accept constraints."

By week's end it was clear even to her most adamant supporter, President Reagan, that keeping Burford in office would prolong the furor and add to the growing impression that the EPA favors industry. Publicly, he maintained that she could keep her job "as long as she wants to." But privately, Reagan told top aides that he was reconsidering his backing of Burford. Said one: "The President has begun to move some." —***By Maureen Dowd. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with Reagan and Jay Branegan/Washington***

Overdue Bill

Congress moves on jobs

Responding to what appeared to be a politically necessary proposition whose time had come, the House, with the Reagan Administration looking on, last week passed a $4.9 billion jobs bill. First proposed by President Reagan in mid-February, then rearranged and fattened a bit by the Democrat-controlled House Appropriations Committee, the package sailed through by an overwhelming 324-to-95 vote.

Proponents claim that the appropriated funds could create up to 400,000 jobs in fiscal 1983. The largest single item, a supplemental $1.25 billion in fiscal 1983 for community development, is intended to produce 80,000 jobs in light construction. Other big-ticket jobs boosters: $200 million for the Economic Development Administration (which Reagan had hoped to abolish), $202 million for small-business loans, $200 million for rural water and sewer grants, and $100 million for summer jobs for youths. Also included in the final bill was about $375 million in humanitarian aid, including $100 million for a food program for poor women and children, $75 million for the distribution of surplus food and $200 million for health-care services.

On the way to passage, some House Democrats sought to turn the legislation into a March Christmas tree. The House Appropriations Committee, while drafting the bill, tacked on a $110 million assortment of mass-transit projects for committee members' districts that gave Republicans plenty to complain about. "This bill is frenzied feeding at the public trough," fumed Republican Judd Gregg of New Hampshire. But Democrat-sponsored floor amendments ultimately struck the offending provision, substituted $171 million in mass-transit aid, and required that $1.8 billion of the final bill be spent in the nation's deepest pockets of unemployment.

The jobs issue seemed certain to stay on the front burner: late last week newly released Labor Department figures showed February's 10.4% unemployment rate for the civilian labor force unchanged from the previous month. The jobs package will be taken up by the Senate this week. Republicans there are expected to try to reinstate some of Reagan's original priorities, like heavy-construction projects, though the White House reportedly will veto a bill crossing the $5 billion line.

The Senate is likely to act quickly: the jobs package is legislatively appended to a $5 billion bill to extend the additional unemployment-benefits program due to expire March 31. Meanwhile, House Democrats are readying for floor action in April a "phase 2" bill, which Democratic House Whip Thomas Foley says "is almost certain to go beyond what the Administration wants to do." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Nothing Irks Like Success

Edwin Sidey, Editor
The *Adair County Free Press*
Greenfield, Iowa

My dear brother,

I have not heard from you in a while, and I'm concerned. I listen to Senator Alan Cranston's gloomy speeches and read the doomsayers in the Washington *Post*, and it makes me fear the bank has foreclosed on the old print shop or you are so weak from hunger that you can't write.

This may be a bad time to add to your burden, but we have always been candid with each other. The capital is beginning to panic. There is good economic news, and there seems to be nothing we can do to stop it. Lord knows we've tried. Next thing you know, peace will be breaking out. For a city devoted to trouble, good news can mean disaster, even unemployment.

I've got a game for dinner parties. I ask presidential critics of either far right or left what they will do next year if the economy really is better and the nukes are still in their silos. One fellow nearly choked on his lamb chop. Most have only a second or two of panic before they assemble their rebuttals on Reagan's "luck" (the oil glut) and "providence" (Brezhnev died). Who was the guy who wrote that if we've got to have a President it is best to have a lucky one? The U.S. was due for one.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

My friend Horace Busby, who used to work for Lyndon Johnson, fired off a good shot the other day in his newsletter. He wrote that the Democratic National Committee seemed to gloat when unemployment went above 10%. "Political perversity," he called it. I'm going to go over to the D.N.C. if unemployment goes below 10% and get one of their handouts to send to you. Don't expect too much. Its adjectives for rising unemployment include "criminal," "devastating," "disastrous." Those for falling unemployment include "temporary," "doubtful" and "unexplained."

Maybe you saw that editorial in the New York *Times* about the "stench of failure" hanging over Reagan's White House. That is pretty terminal stuff and not at all like the *Times*. The fellow who wrote it will either have to prove his case, or end up as Auckland bureau chief.

I like Fritz Mondale. He was up in New York in his tuxedo the other day, picking up money from rich people, and he felt compelled to say, "I'm not going to base my campaign on how bad the economy is, because I want it to improve." Then he added, "I mean that. I want the economy to improve." I think he said that one time too many.

I was reading the *Wall Street Journal* a few weeks ago, and Paul Craig Roberts, one of Reagan's supply-side theorists who quit as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, wrote that "Ronald Reagan could have made a difference to the nation's agenda if his advisers had not dropped him from the policymaking circle." How's that for investing in collapse?

You know Dick Scammon, the dean of all the political analysts. Bless him, his sense of humor never falters. He has a short speech he gives about today's politicians and commentators going down "the crucifixion road." They have got to nail somebody to the cross, or they figure they haven't done a day's work. He says they even have 3-by-5 "crucifixion cards." One side has a line condemning the President for traveling so much; the flip side has a line condemning him for staying too close to his desk.

I'm a little concerned about such outbreaks of humor. A colleague suggested that the next thing we know Dan Rather will be upbeat on the evening news. Are you kidding? I replied. I knew Dan when we both covered the White House, and he's awful when he tries to be upbeat. The network would give him the hook. Everybody's got interests to protect. Write if you have the strength.

IF A CAR IS REALLY AN EXTENSION OF ONE'S PERSONALITY, WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD DRIVE A SAAB?

Not long ago, a leading car magazine called Saab owners "the lunatic fringe of the American car-buying public."

Yet according to our statistics, the average Saab owner is male, age 38, college-educated, works in a managerial job, and earns over $40,000 a year. He is married and has 1.2 children.

The fact is, both descriptions are accurate.

The fringe.

Some people call this person a driving enthusiast; others call him a car nut.

Whatever you call him, he buys a car for one reason.

Economy? Who cares. Luggage space? Who needs it.

His attitude is if a car doesn't give you goose bumps when you drive it, what's the point of owning it.

For him, even a drive to the supermarket should be exhilarating.

For that, Saab's front-wheel drive and taut suspension give him the cornering ability of a sports car.

And every time Saab's new APC turbocharger kicks in, he feels like he's just engaged warp drive.

Engineering philosophy doesn't interest him. Results do.

Often, he belongs to a car club.

Not the kind with leather jackets and secret handshakes.

But every month or so, they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

Beyond the fringe.

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbocharging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage.*

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

*1983 SAAB PRICE** LIST*	
900 3-door	*$10,750*
900 4-door	*$11,050*
900S 3-door	*$13,350*
900S 4-door	*$13,950*
900 Turbo 3-door	*$16,510*
900 Turbo 4-door	*$16,910*

Automatic transmission $370 additional.

Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

It has to.

How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

A very satisfied one.

**Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo ②EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*

SAAB
The most intelligent car ever built.

Some of Our Chips Are Missing

Trying to keep U.S. high-tech exports from Moscow

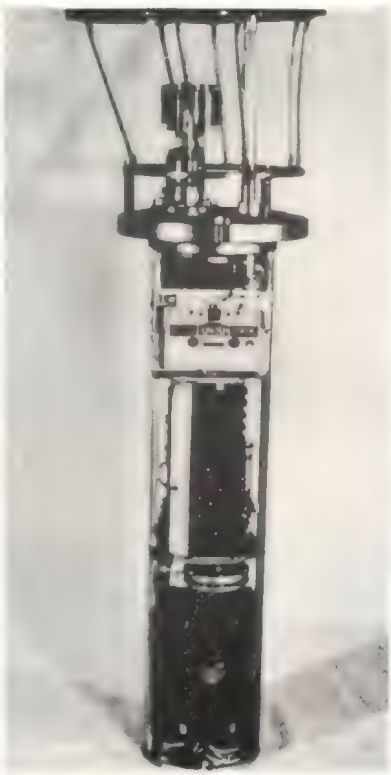
When experts at the Pentagon recently examined a Soviet ocean buoy obtained by American intelligence agencies through unspecified means, they were not surprised at what they found. The printed circuit boards inside the buoy, which was designed to help track U.S. submarines, were pin-for-pin compatible with those produced by Texas Instruments Inc. of Dallas. T.I., needless to say, had not sold them to Moscow or indeed to any Communist bloc enterprises. Similarly, the Soviets feigned innocence a year ago, when they tried to buy sophisticated U.S. equipment that tests the strength of concrete, claiming that they needed it to check out their bridges and apartment buildings. The Pentagon blocked the sale on the ground that the more likely use would be to test the hardening of ICBM silos.

The Soviet Union can acquire such items of American high technology through industrial espionage, outright theft, or by purchasing them secondhand from companies in nations that are either allied with the U.S. or neutral and that got them from U.S. firms. The problem for the U.S., says Lionel Olmer, Under Secretary of Commerce for International Trade, is "finding a way of assuring our national security with minimal damage to the American business community."

As the matter now stands, American exporting companies are required by the Export Administration Act of 1979 to insist in contracts with the buyers of their defense-sensitive products that the items cannot be re-exported to any East bloc nations. That law, which will expire in September, has already prompted an intense backstage battle between the Commerce and Defense departments on future methods of tightening controls over such exports.

The battle lines could not be more sharply drawn. In general, the Commerce Department argues that U.S. business suffers when the rules are too stringent, when items with potential military application are readily available to the Soviet Union from other nations, or when the line between an innocent use of technology and a military use is so vague as to be indistinguishable in practice. The Pentagon, on the other hand, would like veto power over the export from the U.S. of any technology that some day could conceivably endanger U.S. security.

The current practice leaves the authority and responsibility almost wholly with Commerce. Officials there review all applications for export licenses and invite Pentagon recommendation only when they need a second opinion on whether the item might have military value to a Communist nation. Last year, out of 85,000 applications it reviewed, Commerce concluded that about 8,000 involved national-security considerations. Of those, Commerce asked the Pentagon to take a good long look at 2,000. In the end, Commerce denied only 5% of the sensitive applications. For another 10%, it asked the U.S. firms involved to reduce the sophistication of their high-tech exports, presumably so that the merchandise would be less useful if it did find its way to the Soviet Union.



Soviet sub-tracking ocean buoy

The innards looked suspiciously Texan.

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger believes the current system is simply too loose; he would like to see the creation of an Office of Strategic Trade that would report directly to the President but be tied closely to the Pentagon and to intelligence agencies. The Defense Secretary, says a Weinberger aide, is "an absolute tiger—really very passionate—on this issue."

The Commerce Department argues that if the U.S. gets too tough on the export of items of marginal military application, Japanese and West European companies will readily fill the void, selling their equivalent goods to the Communist bloc countries. The delay created by Pentagon review alone, according to Commerce, can add two months' time to the approval of an export application. In the meantime, the U.S. exporter of any product ultimately cleared for trade may have lost the sale to a foreign competitor.

Just as the argument seemed about to boil over into Congress, a tenuous agreement was reached last week between the two Executive Branch departments. Under it, Commerce will retain its current authority to screen all applications. They will not go automatically to the Pentagon for further review. However, a "memorandum of understanding" will be amplified over the next few weeks to specify what types of high-technology products must go to the Defense Department before Commerce can grant an export license. The memorandum, which will remain a classified document, will also cite specific nations requiring extra care and vigilance on the part of the U.S., since they have a poor record of blocking re-export to Communist nations.

The no-sale list will also be classified information. But there is no shortage of candidates for it: they include Sweden, Switzerland, Austria and India. From the U.S. point of view, the problem with the practices of such countries is typified by Austria's export policy. It claims that it has no right to try to determine whether high-tech products from the U.S. are directly re-exported to the East. Declares Austrian Secretary of State Ferdinand Lacina: "We have no export controls and no means of checking whether an Austrian company abides by its business agreement with a U.S. partner."

While the Administration seems to be in agreement on how to handle the problem of sensitive export controls, no one is certain whether Congress will accept it. Business interests are expected to oppose any shift of greater authority to the Pentagon. Explains Robert Hormats, former Assistant Secretary of State for Economic and Business Affairs: "Defense has shown a tendency to limit exports on products that represent a minimal risk. Defense has done this by delaying decisions, by applying criteria that go well beyond what the law intended, or simply by being rigid. This can impede exports."

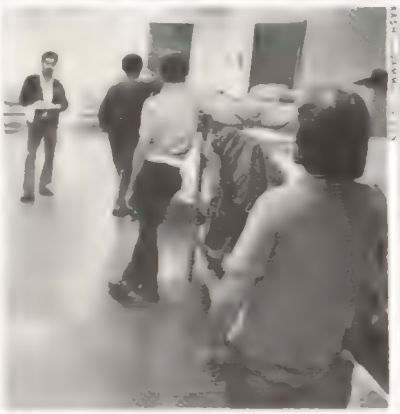
Though sympathetic to the business viewpoint, the Commerce Department's Olmer contends that too many businessmen react to the issue with "hyperbole in the extreme." He contends that it should not be too difficult to "both control trade and protect trade." Indeed, he points out, the stakes could be high. "I can remember some people claiming that rock-bit drilling technology was of no conceivable military use to the Soviets," he says. "Yet we now know that technology has been used by the Russians to develop armor-piercing shells. I sure wouldn't want my son to be in a tank facing Soviet-supplied artillery that had benefited from access to American technology." —***By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Strobe Talbott/Washington***

Giving Them The Dickens

Go directly to the poorhouse

The squat, mustard-colored building known as Bannon Street sits on a bend in the road, framed by railroad tracks, warehouses and an industrial park. Inside, the mood is as grim as the dull yellow walls. Rows of double bunk beds line the dormitories. "This reminds me of Dickens," grumbles Resident David Erickson, 33, an unemployed carpet layer. Indeed, Sacramento County in northern California has borrowed a page from the English novelist and revived a 19th century solution to economic hard times: the poorhouse.

In October the county cut off all cash grants and food stamps to single, employable adults without children who were applying for welfare, and instead began offering basic room and board in its Bannon Street shelter. It is the first poorhouse established in California since the institution fell into disrepute in the mid-1930s. House rules are strict: residents are awakened every day at 6 a.m. and receive a "bed check" at 9 p.m. Liquor, drugs and sex are forbidden, and smoking is not allowed in the dormitories. For entertainment, the shelter provides Bible classes and Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. For up to seven days a month, the 70 or so men and women who live at the shelter must work at menial tasks around the county.



A Bannon Street ritual: 9 p.m. bed check

According to county officials, an alarming rise in welfare costs, combined with a cutback in both federal and state aid, forced the move. "Our general-assistance case load had increased 55% during the past two years," says Dennis Hart, director of the county's social welfare department. "We had to find a way to do some screening of the people we were getting." The throwback has already spurred a lawsuit and a blast of criticism from Bannon Street residents, lawyers and sociologists. Says Harry Specht, dean of the School of Social Welfare at the University of California at Berkeley: "It's medieval. We gave up the notion of the poorhouse before the Depression." Warehousing the poor, he says, "stigmatizes them, creating a subculture of people who are considered disreputable—bums."

County officials, who avoid the word poorhouse, maintain that their emergency shelter is better than the usual alternative facing the poor: having to live in seedy and often dangerous transient hotels. Says Hart: "Here at least you can get a hot meal and clothes and not be worried about getting mugged." In addition, he says, the shelter, which is run on a contract basis by a Christian service organization called the Volunteers of America, is achieving the desired effect: trimming the county's dole roll. In November 1981 the county had 805 applicants for welfare. In November 1982, shortly after the new policy started, 317 people applied. "A lot of people refuse to go through the application process when they see that Bannon Street is the option," says Hart.

One of those who refused was Arthur Robbins, a migrant farm laborer who applied for general assistance last fall. After being told to go to Bannon Street instead, he filed a lawsuit with the aid of two legal-services groups, charging that the new policy discriminates against single citizens and violates the constitutional rights to privacy and freedom to travel. "It's a jail," says Robbins. "You can't live like you want to live. You can't watch TV all night if you want to." ■

Family Man

A husband bails out his wife

When Anthony Toto, 37, a pizza-shop owner in Allentown, Pa., put up $50,000 bail for his wife Frances Lenore, the local police and others in the community were stunned. The reason: according to charges filed by the district attorney, Frances had conspired to murder her husband—not once but twice.

The bizarre case began on Jan. 25. That night, prosecutors contend, Anthony Bruno, the 20-year-old boyfriend of Toto's 17-year-old daughter Elizabeth, crept into Toto's bedroom, located the .25-cal. gun that Toto kept near his bed and fired a bullet into his head. Toto was grievously but not fatally wounded.

Then his wife Frances allegedly began force-feeding him large doses of barbiturates, which succeeded only in putting him into a semiconscious state. Two days later, according to police, two friends of Anthony Bruno's, hired by Frances for $500, showed up in the bedroom to finish the job. They were Ronald Barlip, 19, and his cousin Donald, 18. The bullet one of them allegedly fired entered an inch from Toto's heart, but it too proved not to be lethal.

Police, tipped off by an informant, entered the Toto house two days later and found Toto asleep, breathing heavily: doctors later speculated that the barbiturates he had been given may have saved his life by drastically lowering his metabolism and retarding the bleeding.

Police arrested Frances, Bruno, the Barlips and the two Toto children, Elizabeth and Anthony. Toto was released from the hospital two weeks later, with the first bullet still lodged in his skull. He says he intends to stand by his family during the coming court proceedings. Said an Allentown police detective: "He loves her." The district attorney's office is said to be worried about the case: Tony Toto promises to be a hostile witness. ■

Together again: Anthony Toto and his wife Frances Lenore during his first day back on the job at his Allentown, Pa., pizza parlor

CENTRAL AMERICA

"To Share the Pain"

Pope John Paul II brings a message of peace to war-torn Central America

Religion *vs.* revolution in Managua: the Pope speaks against the backdrop of a Sandinista poster

"One should be with those who suffer." That was the answer Pope John Paul II gave last week when newsmen aboard his Alitalia DC-10 jet asked him to explain the purpose of his visit to Central America. The remark may have seemed self-evident, but nothing so eloquently expressed why the 62-year-old Pontiff, who had already survived one close brush with death and a second attempt on his life last spring in Portugal, should feel compelled to risk his personal safety and the authority of his office to go on a pilgrimage to the most politically explosive strip of territory in the Western Hemisphere.

During the eight-day journey that began last Wednesday in Costa Rica and that was to take him to Nicaragua, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Belize and Haiti, John Paul was visiting nations torn by insurrection and political change. Each faction on the ideological spectrum would examine his every utterance, hoping to find an endorsement of its political views. But first and foremost John Paul had come as a pastor, offering instruction, strength and solace to his Central American flock of 25 million Roman Catholics.

Even if glimpsed only for a moment above a surging crowd as an instant, solitary figure in white, the Pope wanted to let the faithful know by his presence that he was moved by the grinding poverty and political oppression of the region. He had heard "the heart-rending lament rising from these lands," where over the past five years, civil strife has claimed the lives of more than 100,000 people, most of them bystanders in the struggle between left and right. Indeed, the region's conflicts have reaped a grim harvest of martyrs and threatened to rend the church in two in Guatemala, El Salvador and Nicaragua. For those who were in pain, John Paul brought a message of hope, peace and unity

As a pastor concerned with the spiritual welfare of the faithful, the Pope had also come to reprove and correct the wayward. He had harsh words for Christians in Nicaragua who have tried to forge a new church compatible with the aims of the avowedly Marxist Sandinista government and rebuked clergy who have neglected their priestly office to serve the state. Angered that no cross was placed at the site of an outdoor

Mass in Managua, he deliberately held his own staff, tipped with a cross, high above the heads of Sandinista leaders seated on the platform. As John Paul delivered his homily, he waved the text defiantly in the air, sometimes shouting the words, as if to prove that he would speak his mind no matter what Nicaragua's rulers thought.

There were other reminders last week of the difficult political obstacles the Pope had to overcome if his spiritual mission was to succeed. John Paul's Guatemala stop, scheduled for Monday, ran into trouble when President Efraín Ríos Montt ordered the execution of six suspected terrorists, ignoring a last-minute papal plea for clemency. In a message to Guatemalan Bishop Próspero Penados del Barrio, John Paul confirmed that he still planned to visit Guatemala but condemned the executions. Said the Pope: "I cannot fail to think with immense pain of the recent executions that have taken place in your nation and to invoke divine mercy on all these deceased of this country of Central America, and in particular for those who have suffered a violent death." He hoped that his visit would help promote "respect for the rights of the person."

The Pope's greatest challenge was El Salvador, where guerrillas have in recent weeks made gains in their struggle against the conservative, U.S.-supported government. While the Pontiff prepared for his pilgrimage of peace, the Reagan Administration caused a political storm at home by arguing intensely that $60 million in additional military aid was needed in El Salvador *(see following story)*.

No other country so embodies the suffering of Central America as El Salvador, whose very name in Spanish invokes the Saviour. Three years of civil war have fragmented the church there into three camps. Some priests support the U.S.-backed regime, others back the leftist insurgents, while the majority are caught somewhere in between. Hoping to bring unity into the Salvadoran church hierarchy, John Paul announced on the eve of his trip that he had appointed acting Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas, 59, as the successor to the martyred Archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar Arnulfo Romero, who had been ruthlessly shot down, presumably by fanatic rightists, while saying a Mass in 1980. Since Rivera y Damas has consistently called for a national "dialogue" to end the bloodshed, his selection put the Pope squarely behind the idea of a negotiated settlement between the Salvadoran government and the guerrillas, a position Washington strenuously opposes.

The Pope's visit did offer Salvadorans the promise, at least, of a day without gunfire. A spokesman for the five-member coalition of Marxist-led guerrillas announced at a Mexico City press conference that they planned to honor John Paul's pilgrimage with a cease-fire "to create conditions favorable to the message he will bring." The government, in response, said that military forces would not shoot unless they were fired upon. But the truce would soon end. Exiled Salvadoran Leader Rubén Zamora said that insurgents had received better weapons and would step up activities once the Pope left El Salvador.

Speaking to an enthusiastic crowd at Mass in San Salvador last Sunday, John Paul made an urgent plea for peace and reconciliation. Said he: "The dialogue which the church seeks is not a tactical truce called to fortify positions in order to pursue the struggle but a sincere effort to respond to the search for an accord." As the Pope passed the city's cathedral, he made a surprise visit to the tomb of Archbishop Romero and praised his example. "I would hope that his memory be always respected," he emphasized, "and that no ideological interest would try to exploit his sacrifice as pastor leading his flock."

The Pope began his hazardous and challenging journey in Costa Rica, an enclave of sanity and democracy that served as a base for visits to Nicaragua, Panama and El Salvador. John Paul clearly hoped that his words in this open society would resonate throughout the region. After emerging from his plane at Juan Santamaría International Airport to the delighted shrieks of hundreds of schoolchildren, he knelt to kiss the ground in his now traditional gesture of blessing. Then, almost immediately, he got down to tough business. Instead of offering a perfunctory response to the welcoming address by Costa Rican President Luis Alberto Monge, the

Under a banner that says in part, "Thank God and the Revolution," Nicaraguans gather for Mass

Embroiled in regional politics: Nicaraguan junta "Coordinator" Ortega welcomes the Pope

"The footsteps of interventionist boots echo in the White House and the Pentagon."

Entering the hemisphere's most explosive region: John Paul with Costa Rican President Monge and his wife at San José's international airport

Pontiff used the occasion to set forth the major themes of his pilgrimage.

"I speak of peace, concord and hope," said John Paul, his white cape billowing in a brisk wind. Speaking Spanish as he did throughout Central America, he told the audience assembled on the tarmac that he had come "to share the pain" of Central America and that he hoped to provide a voice for the searing images of daily life, for "the tears or deaths of children, the anguish of the elderly, of the mother who loses her children, of the long lines of orphans, of those many thousands of refugees, exiles or displaced persons searching for a home, of the poor with neither home nor work."

John Paul reaffirmed his oft-stated view that it was the church's mission to right social wrongs, but only according to Christian principles. As on past pilgrimages in the developing world, he rejected the ideologies of both left and right. Instead, he called upon Christians to seek change in society "without resorting to violence or to collectivist systems that can prove no less oppressive to the dignity of man than pure economic capitalism." In a cut at both U.S. and Soviet proxy involvement in the region, particularly in El Salvador and Nicaragua, he stressed that it was important for each nation to "confront problems in a sincere dialogue, without foreign influence."

Even though it was the Lenten season, the papal arrival seemed to revive the spirit of carnival in Costa Rica. Before dawn, crowds of well-wishers hoping to catch a glimpse of John Paul staked out spots on grassy embankments along the way to San José. Within the capital, Costa Ricans who could not find room on sidewalks strained to watch from office windows and balconies. Others climbed onto pedestrian overpasses decked for the occasion with wreaths of yellow and white carnations, the papal colors. Businesses shut down for a two-day holiday, but some could not resist exploiting the commercial opportunities afforded by the visit. As one billboard in downtown San José brazenly proclaimed, YOUR DAILY BREAD WITH JOHN PAUL II AND SCHMIDT'S BAKERY.

As the Pope passed, shielded behind bulletproof glass atop a specially converted truck, surging crowds broke through the police cordon. Swarming well-wishers ran alongside the Popemobile, exuberantly pounding its sides and shouting greetings to the waving Pontiff, bringing the motorcade virtually to a halt. Flower tributes fell so thick and fast that at one point the driver tried in vain to turn on his windshield wipers. All the while, a surveillance helicopter on loan from the Panamanian Air Force nervously bobbed and dipped above, as John Paul continued his slow, if not stately, procession to Costa Rica's only seminary, where he would address a gathering of 66 Central American bishops.

Seated beneath a giant crucifix within the seminary's modest chapel, John Paul amplified the comments he had made at the airport and described the role that the Central American clergy should play in seeking social justice and defending human rights. Stressing the need for unity, he warned the bishops, who represented every country in the region, not to abandon their priestly duties in order to engage in politics. Said John Paul: "Not in the capacity of technicians or politicians may you as bishops carry out your missions, but in the capacity of pastors." He urged them "to preach with courage all the social implications of the Christian situation." The message was not new, but it took on a special edge as the Pontiff prepared to visit Nicaragua, where many in the Catholic clergy have enthusiastically welcomed the Sandinista revolution and taken jobs in the government.

John Paul has often said that it is the laity, not the clergy, that must seek social change by political means. As he surveyed a crowd of 500,000 people gathered for an open-air Mass in San José's La Sabana park, the Pope reminded them that the church "exhorts us to busy ourselves, not only with the things of the spirit but also with the realities of this world and the human society of which we are a part." He repeated the message to Costa Rican youth at the National Stadium, urging them to struggle against violence. Said the Pope: "How many tears, how much blood has been shed because of violence, the fruit of hatred and egoism." Then, to make sure that his demands for peace and social justice were seen not just as high-sounding words, he

Arriving in Costa Rica, the Pope kneels to kiss the ground

A plea for nations to confront their problems in sincere dialogue.

called on the judges of the Inter-American Court of Human Rights, which has its headquarters in San José, to find a better means for verifying human rights abuse and, if all else failed, to use sanctions against chronic offenders.

The Pontiff seemed to shoulder the many burdens of the troubled region. He was visibly moved during a visit to youthful patients in the cancer ward of San José's National Children's Hospital. As he pinched the cheeks and tousled the hair of one young boy, the mother began to moan softly, "Touch my son, touch my son." But the Pope would see more of the ravages of suffering once his trip took him out of relatively stable Costa Rica.

Already during the Mass in San José, the Pope gleaned hints of the difficulties he would face the next day in Nicaragua, where both the church and its followers are deeply divided over the policies of a revolutionary government. A group of 300 Nicaraguan exiles kept a silent vigil on a grassy knoll, holding up banners denouncing the Sandinista regime. Said one: IN NICARAGUA RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION EXISTS! Another, referring to harassment of early Christians in Rome, read: NO CATACOMBS IN NICARAGUA! Though Nicaragua's Catholic leaders supported the overthrow of the Somoza dictatorship, moderate clerics have now grown wary of Sandinista-supported efforts to meld Christianity with Marxist ideology.

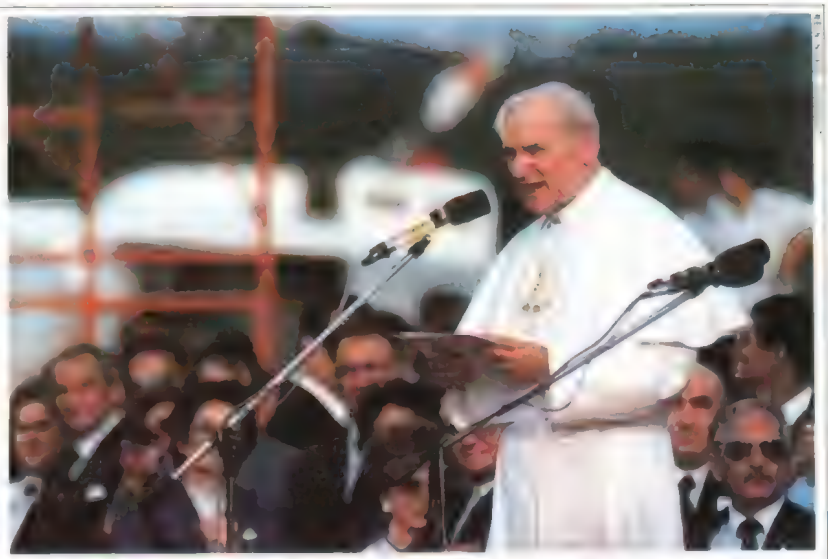
Even the last-minute preparations for the Pope's arrival in Nicaragua turned into a political tug-of-war between church hierarchy and state. Managua's Archbishop Miguel Obando y Brando, an outspoken critic of the regime, complained that the Sandinista government's plans to use publicly-owned transportation to shuttle Nicaraguans to sites along the papal route were an attempt to control who would be able to see John Paul. Some parish priests urged the faithful to ignore government timetables determining when they could leave for the Mass and instead to form their own religious processions.

Sandinista officials dismissed the complaints, pointing out that the plans to "mobilize" the country's Christians had been worked out in joint committees that included local bishops and Sandinista leaders. There were other signs on the eve of the Pope's arrival that the government felt it could only benefit from a successful visit. State-controlled television provided full and uncensored coverage of John Paul's stay in Costa Rica. Workers were given an extended weekend to give them time to see the Pope. Even the Sandinista workers' headquarters in downtown Managua was draped with a red-and-black banner welcoming John Paul with "revolutionary joy."

But immediately upon his arrival at Managua's Augusto Cesar Sandino Airport, the Pope was plunged into national politics. While the sunburned Pontiff stood in the blazing heat for an airport welcoming ceremony, Sandinista junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra delivered a 25-minute greeting, in which he blasted U.S. foreign policy and warned that "the footsteps of interventionist boots echo threateningly in the White House and the Pentagon." He told the Pope that the Nicaraguan people were "martyred and crucified every day, and we demand solidarity with right on our side." Ortega also went out of his way to tell the Pope that "Christian patriots and revolutionaries are an integral part of the popular Sandinista revolution." In response the Pontiff noted that he also would do his part to end "the suffering of innocent people in this part of the world."

The airport ceremony forced John Paul to deal head-on with the nettlesome issue of Nicaraguan priests who hold government posts in defiance of his wishes. Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann, a Maryknoll priest, was conveniently out of the country, attending a meeting of the nonaligned nations in New Delhi, when the Pope arrived. But Minister of Culture Ernesto Cardenal Martinez, a priest, was in the official receiving line along with other government ministers. He was wearing his typical rustic white cotton shirt, baggy blue work pants and a black beret. As the Pontiff approached, Cardenal whipped off his beret and dropped to his knees to kiss the papal ring. But the Pope appeared to withhold his hand. Wagging his finger at Cardenal, John Paul gave him a public scolding that television cameras carried around the world. The Pope told Cardenal: "You must straighten out your position with the church."

In a sermon to 500,000 in Managua's vast Plaza 19 de Julio, the Pope left little doubt about where he stood in the church-state dispute. As a poster gallery of Nica-



Setting forth the themes of his pilgrimage, the Pontiff addresses a Costa Rican crowd

Well-wishers mob John Paul in San José as he embraces a youngster at his outdoor Mass

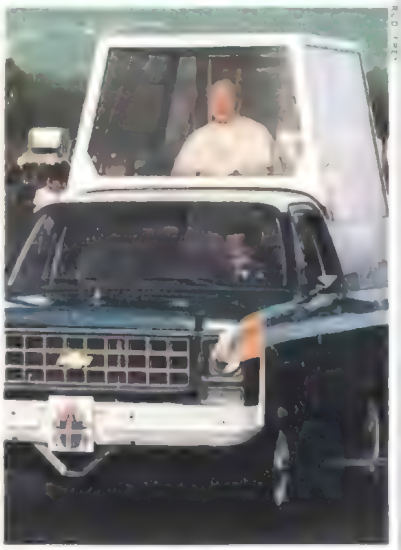
"How much blood has been shed because of violence, the fruit of hatred and egoism."

raguan revolutionary heroes kept silent watch. John Paul exhorted priests to obey their bishops and to preserve the unity of the church. It was a clear show of support for Archbishop Obando y Bravo. In tones that must have echoed strangely from the same platform Fidel Castro had once used to praise the Sandinistas, the Pope condemned the "popular church," a grassroots movement in Nicaragua committed to revolution. He referred to a letter he had written to Nicaraguan bishops last June, and said that it was "absurd and dangerous" to try to form an alternate church. Christian unity was threatened, he said, when traditional teachings were challenged by "earthly considerations, unacceptable ideological compromises and temporal options, including a conception of the church that replaces the true one."

John Paul actually had launched his counterattack earlier in the day, while visiting Nicaragua's second largest city León (pop. 92,000). In a speech to an audience consisting mainly of *campesinos*, the Pope challenged a new law on education that favored secular schooling. Instead, John Paul championed the right of all to receive a Christian education. He also called on Christians to examine the teachings of the church in their search for social justice. Said the Pope, in a thinly veiled attack on Marxist-oriented "liberation theologians": "It is not necessary to hold alien ideologies in order to love and defend man. You can find in the center of the [Christian] message the teaching which calls for commitment to human dignity." Christian doctrine, he declared, teaches that man "is not reducible to a mere instrument of production, nor an agent of political or social powers."

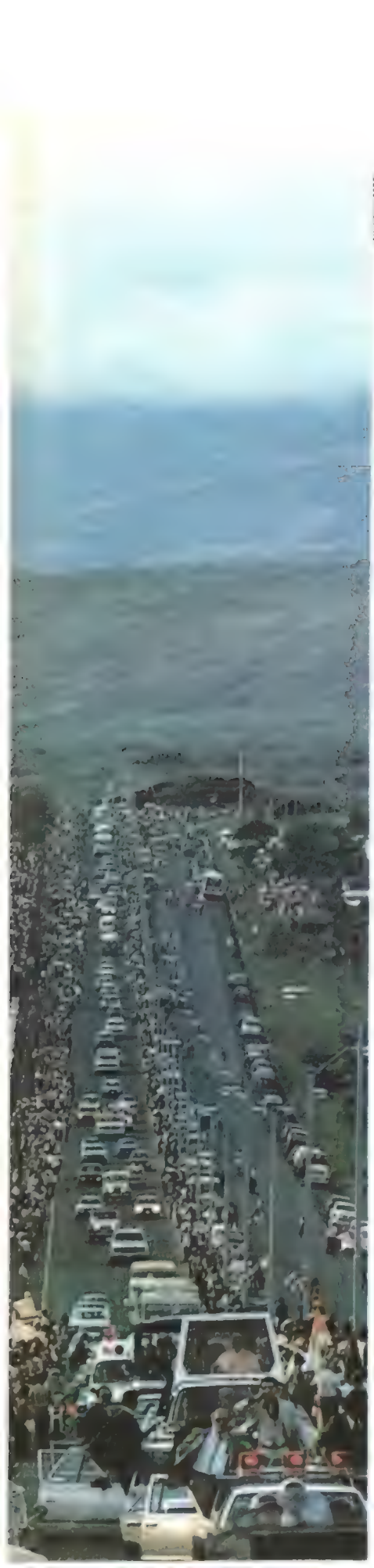
If the Pope's spirited defense of the traditional church heartened Archbishop Obando y Bravo, it was not well-received by Sandinista supporters. During the Mass in Managua, groups of pro-Sandinista youths repeatedly interrupted John Paul's homily with shouts of "Power to the people!" and "We want peace!" John Paul angrily shouted back, "Silence!" But the disruptive chanting only grew louder, amplified by a bullhorn. Finally, raising his voice so that he could be heard above the din, he cried, "The church is the first to favor peace." Later, the Pope interjected a political note of his own by referring to the Miskito indians, who make up some 4% of Nicaragua's population of 2.7 million and straddle the Nicaraguan-Honduran border. Beginning in mid-December 1981 the government, suspecting the Indians of aiding anti-Sandinista guerrillas based in Honduras, forcibly moved the Miskitos some 50 miles from the Honduran border. "I love the Miskitos because they are human beings," the Pope said. Switching to the Miskito language, he added: "Miskito power."

The shouting match suggested that the papal visit may have exacerbated rather than healed the division in the Nicaraguan church. For Sandinista supporters, John Paul seemed to dash all hope of proving that, as a popular Sandinista slogan phrased it, "Christianity and revolution are not in contradiction." Said a worried Maryknoll missionary: "He is making the church commit suicide." A Jesuit who supports the Sandinistas was more defiant. Said he: "It was not the government that broke with the church. It was the church that broke with the government. It was a declaration of war. The Pope doesn't realize the damage he has done here." Supporters of the Archbishop disagreed, arguing that the Pope had strengthened the resolve of Christians who felt threatened by Sandinista efforts to promote a rival church.



The special bulletproof Popemobile

The reception that awaited the Pope in Panama contrasted sharply with that in Nicaragua. As cheering schoolchildren waved pompons, Panamanian President Ricardo de la Espriella proclaimed the Pontiff's visit a "joyous fiesta of faith." He assured the smiling Pope that "through God's generosity we do not suffer from the extremes that afflict much of the rest of this region." In his sermon to 300,000 people attending Mass at Albrook Air Force Base in the former U.S. Canal Zone, John Paul turned his attention from war and peace to personal morality. While Panamanians listened in the sweltering 90° F heat, the Pope reaffirmed his opposition to artificial methods of birth control and denounced divorce as something "against the will of God." He picked up the theme of social justice later in the day, urging some 40,000 *campesinos* to "avoid the temptation of violence and selfish class struggle"



The papal motorcade proceeds through downtown San José

to improve their living conditions.

In Guatemala, John Paul is scheduled to meet with President Ríos Montt, a fervent, born-again Protestant who represents a new wave of Protestant evangelism that is eroding the Catholic Church's traditional supremacy in Guatemala. Although church leaders give Ríos Montt credit for bringing a rare measure of honesty to the country's government, his brutal crackdown on insurgents has drawn deserved fire from the Catholic hierarchy. Some Catholic leaders saw his decision to proceed with the six executions on the eve of the papal visit as a deliberate affront to the Vatican. Warned the apostolic nuncio to Guatemala City: "The deplorable incident which took place so near to the projected visit of Pope John Paul II is considered by the Holy See as incredible for its possible grave repercussions at the world and national levels."

The Pope will also spend a day in Honduras, a country that is largely free of domestic violence but is reportedly being used as a staging area for U.S.-supported counterrevolutionary attacks against Nicaragua. One of the Honduran church's problems is its serious shortage of priests. During his visit, John Paul is expected to pay tribute to lay leaders, so-called Delegates of the World, who have helped to fill the gap by organizing rural Bible-study groups. The Pope will also make a brief stopover in Belize, where, in a reversal of the trend in Guatemala, Protestants have yielded their longtime superiority in numbers and political influence to Catholics.

On his way back to Rome, the Pope will stop for a day in Haiti to address the fourth Latin American Bishops Conference. John Paul will not have to look far to see examples of the poverty and tyranny that he wants the church to oppose with all its moral might. Long fearful of government repression, the church hierarchy in Haiti issued a bold challenge to President-for-Life Jean-Claude Duvalier's dictatorship in a pastoral letter read from pulpits last January. Among other things, it called on all believers to "pray to the Lord so he can free our country from torture."

To ease the suffering he had seen and would see during his Central American pilgrimage, John Paul offered his personal presence, his example, his courage. His words were those of comfort, hope, peace—and on occasion rebuke. Some received his message with joy. Others rejected it with bitterness. But all, if only for a moment, stopped to listen. Said Costa Rican Archbishop Román Arrieta Villalobos: "I think the word of the Pope is something indescribable, a force that I cannot explain in human terms. He is a man without armed legions, without cannons or machine guns. His force is the truth."

—By John Kohan. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Managua, Timothy Loughran/San Salvador and Wilton Wynn with the Pope

Back Home, Another Sinister Plot

As Pope John Paul II touched down in Costa Rica last week, attention in Rome was distracted by new developments related to one of the darkest hours of the Pontiff's reign. Ever since the 1981 assassination attempt in St. Peter's Square, suspicion has grown that the convicted Turkish gunman, Mehmet Ali Agca, took his orders from Bulgarian agents, who in turn might have been acting with the knowledge of the Soviet Union. To date, Italian investigators have arrested one Bulgarian official in Rome for alleged complicity in the plot, and accused two others. Now Italian officials have begun examining links between Agca and the Bulgarians in a second possible assassination plot. In "judicial communications" issued last week, a magistrate warned the Bulgarians, and four additional suspects that they are under investigation for participating in an alleged conspiracy to kill Polish Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa during his visit to Rome in January 1981.

The warnings, which do not amount to formal charges, stem from Agca's statements to an Italian magistrate last fall that he had accomplices in his attempt on the Pope's life. Not only had Sergei Ivanov Antonov, the head of Bulgaria's Balkan Airlines office in Rome, and two embassy officials plotted the shooting of the Pope in May, Agca reportedly told investigating Judge Ilario Martella, they had also plotted the murder of Walesa when he journeyed to Rome four months earlier for his meeting with the Pontiff. Agca said an Italian union official was involved in the plan. That man, Judge Martella reasoned, may have been Luigi Scricciolo, an Italian labor union official who had helped plan Walesa's trip to Italy. In a separate investigation, Scricciolo has been charged with espionage and with acting as an intermediary between Bulgaria and the terrorist Red Brigades, notably in the kidnaping of U.S. General James Dozier one year ago.

FABIAN—SYGMA

The Pope and Walesa in Rome in 1981

Martella passed on his suspicion that Scricciolo was also implicated in the Walesa plot to the magistrate in charge of the Scricciolo investigation, Judge Ferdinando Imposimato. After questioning Agca, he has now pieced together the details of the alleged plot to kill Walesa. In addition to naming Agca and the three Bulgarian officials implicated in the papal shooting, Imposimato issued official warnings last week to Scricciolo, Ivan Donchev, a former second secretary at the Bulgarian embassy who is now in Sofia, and Salvatore Scordo, a former union employee in the same union as Scricciolo. The seven alleged conspirators reportedly concluded that a shooting attempt was too risky, and decided instead to explode a bomb in Walesa's hotel room or in a nearby parked car. The resulting blast in downtown Rome, Judge Imposimato concluded, would have caused "a massacre." The alleged murder plot was never carried out, for reasons that are still unclear.

In a remarkable confirmation of Bulgaria's extensive clandestine network in Italy, Scricciolo's lawyer has told TIME that his client had frequent contact with Bulgarian officials, including one implicated in the shooting of the Pope. The Bulgarians, the lawyer added, quizzed Scricciolo about Walesa and about a number of sensitive military subjects. The Bulgarians also donated up to $7,200 to the newspaper of a left-wing Italian political party of which Scricciolo was a member. Scricciolo vehemently denies any part in a conspiracy to kill the Polish union leader and says he knows no military secrets. Dismissing the new allegations, the Bulgarian embassy in Rome declared, "It is unavoidable that a new stage in the campaign of slander and provocation is beginning." Under Italian law, investigating magistrates do not need to explain their decisions as they prepare a case, but it seems that Agca's charges alone prompted Judge Imposimato to issue the warnings last week. Agca has changed his story in the past, however, and Judge Martella has yet to announce major breakthroughs in his seven-month investigation into Agca's charges of a Bulgarian-sponsored plot to kill the Pope. Whatever the truth of the latest allegations, each new probe uncovers increasing evidence of Bulgarian-sponsored efforts to destabilize an important member of the Western alliance.

All Disquiet on the Southern Front

The U.S. hardens its line on El Salvador, and confusion results

Just about the time John Paul II was preparing to leave for Central America, the Reagan Administration suddenly, and perhaps deliberately, began sounding alarm bells about El Salvador. Amid reports that leftist rebels were regaining the initiative in their struggle to topple the government, Ronald Reagan announced that he wanted $60 million in emergency military aid to El Salvador. The President was also considering an increase in the number of U.S. military advisers in the country, now informally set at a maximum of 55, to-

A patrol of Salvadoran soldiers combing the countryside for rebels

An army riven by barracks politics and 9-to-5 fighters.

gether with an expansion of their duties. Finally, an American envoy was dispatched to El Salvador to persuade the country's leaders to advance the date of presidential elections from March 1984 to some time later this year in order to dramatize the Salvadoran commitment to democracy. Said a White House official: "It could be just a matter of weeks before that government could go under altogether."

The aura of urgency recalled former Secretary of State Alexander Haig's controversial efforts to cast El Salvador's rebellion as a major East-West conflict. After Haig left office last summer, the Administration lowered the volume on its talk about Soviet subversion and the threat posed to the U.S. Yet officials made it clear last week that the Administration's basic view on Central America remained the same. Reagan depicted the Salvadoran conflict in its starkest ideological colors. "We believe that the government of El Salvador is on the front line in a battle that is really aimed at the very heart of the Western Hemisphere, and eventually at us," he told an audience at San Francisco's Commonwealth Club. "If El Salvador should fall, I think Costa Rica, Honduras, Panama—all of those would follow."

Unfortunately, the Administration damaged its own cause with perplexing, often contradictory, statements. There was much confusion about whether Reagan did indeed plan to send more advisers. Washington had hoped that its idea for early elections would be seen solely as a Salvadoran initiative, but the top U.S. official entrusted with the negotiations blabbed about them within earshot of a reporter. The bungling made a skittish Congress even more skeptical of White House plans. Conceded an Administration official: "This is an unfortunate way to do business. We're talking first and deciding what we mean afterward."

Last March's elections, in which 74% of those eligible voted, gave the government an indisputable legitimacy and seemed to justify the Reagan Administration's policy of supplying arms while pressing for reforms. Instead of talking about winning the war, Administration officials tried to bolster the economy and make the political system more democratic. They encouraged the newly elected Constituent Assembly, led by Rightist Roberto d'Aubuisson, to pursue a program of land redistribution and to improve the country's lamentable human rights record.

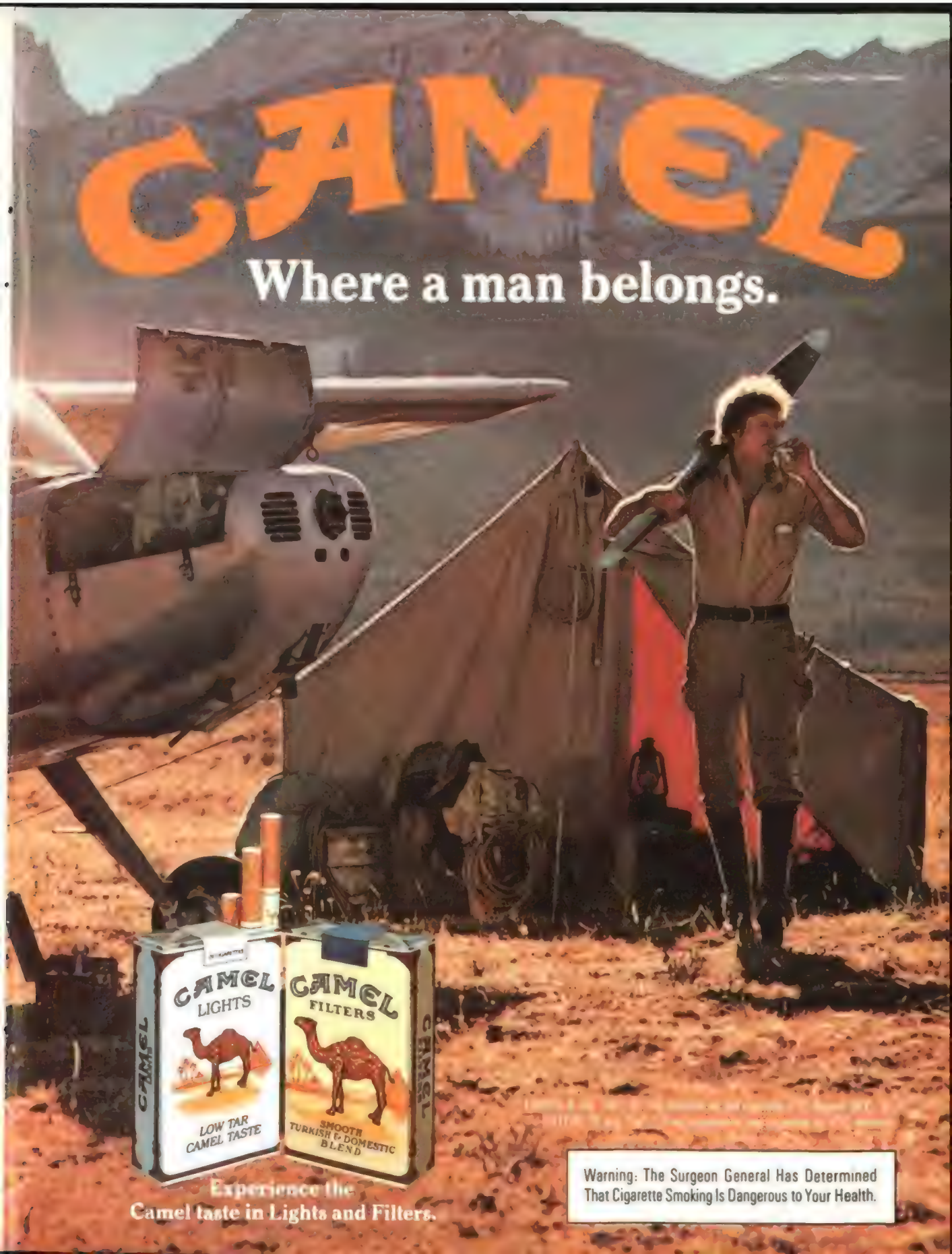
This winter, however, the guerrillas launched an offensive that enabled them to score several psychologically damaging victories by briefly holding the towns of Berlin, Corinto and Meanguera. Alarmed, Lieut. General Wallace H. Nutting, head of the U.S. Southern Command in Panama, sent National Security Adviser William P. Clark a report that the military situation in El Salvador was actually far worse than the U.S. embassy was saying.

The past fortnight's change in the Administration's tone, however, is largely the work of U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Jeane Kirkpatrick. After a ten-day fact-finding trip to the region last month, she gave the President an exceptionally gloomy report. Backed by Clark, she repeated her longstanding conviction that if El Salvador fell to the rebels, the rest of Central America would be imperiled. Only an immediate infusion of aid to El Salvador, she told Reagan, could stave off the sound of falling dominoes.

Disturbed by Kirkpatrick's presentation, Reagan ordered a "full review" of Central American policy. His first priority was money. Instead of approving the request for $86.3 million in military aid to El Salvador for 1983 (up from $82 million spent in 1982), the last Congress had authorized only $26 million. According to the Administration, the Salvadorans have already spent the $26 million, primarily during the guerrilla offensive.

In a pitch for more funds, Reagan summoned congressional leaders of both parties to a hastily arranged White House meeting last week. After a briefing by Kirkpatrick, Reagan put forward a passionate case for the $60 million in emergency aid. But any support gained in that meeting was imperiled the same afternoon. As Reagan flew to California to greet Queen Elizabeth, a top White House official told reporters aboard Air Force One that the Administration was also considering an increase in the number of U.S. military "trainers," now limited to 55. The aide also hinted that the roles of the trainers might be enlarged. The subject remains highly sensitive on Capitol Hill, where some members of Congress find it politically prudent to recall that U.S. involvement in the Viet Nam War began with only a handful of advisers. Soon after reporters began filing their stories from Air Force One, a Pentagon spokesman confirmed that the Defense Department was considering lifting the ceiling on trainers. But White House Deputy Press Secretary Larry M. Speakes denied the report. Reagan settled that matter at week's end by stating that "we may want to go beyond 55." However, he was careful to allay fears of open-ended escalation. "In no sense are we speaking of participation in combat by American troops," he said. "There is no parallel whatsoever with Viet Nam."

Meanwhile, Administration officials kept delivering bleak predictions. Appearing before a Senate subcommittee, Secretary of State George Shultz explicitly tied the fate of El Salvador to the rest of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the isthmus, including Mexico, "with which we have a long border." The testimony of the usually cautious Shultz surprised reporters and Congressmen alike and served as perhaps the best evidence of the Administration's tougher stance. Nestor D. Sanchez, Deputy Assistant Defense Secretary, told House members that the Salvadoran army might run out of ammunition in 30 days. William Schneider Jr., Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, confirmed the alarming statistic, which the El Salvador military had denied, by saying it would prove true if "Nicaragua decided to invade with a 40,000-man army." Gerry Studds, Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts, riposted that "I'm sure we could run out of ammunition ourselves if we made certain assumptions."

On Thursday, two Republicans, Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa, introduced a bill to cut off all military aid and withdraw U.S. advisers unless the Salvadoran government launched "good faith" negotiations with the guerrillas. The Reagan Administration insists the rebels must lay down their arms before any such talks can begin, a stipulation the rebels have refused to accept. There is no chance that the legislation proposed by Hatfield and Leach will pass. Nonetheless, House Speaker Tip O'Neill predicted that any request for an additional $60 million in military aid to El Salvador would be defeated. (By comparison, Congress last year authorized $2.5 billion in total military and economic aid to Israel.)

Nor did Washington's latest diplomatic ploy go precisely as planned. A few weeks ago, State Department officials decided to try to persuade the government of Provisional President Alvaro Alfredo Magaña to advance the elections scheduled for March 1984. They hoped that the announcement would enhance their case for continued military aid, while blunting any call by the Pope for a negotiated settlement. Richard Stone, a former Democratic Senator from Florida who was appointed special ambassador for "public diplomacy" earlier this year, handled the task. Accompanied by two National Security Council staffers, Stone flew to San Salvador two weeks ago. In secret meetings he urged the leaders to announce the new election plan last Sunday, the very day of the Pope's visit. Until then, Stone argued, Americans should keep the plan secret to ensure that it would appear to be a purely Salvadoran initiative.

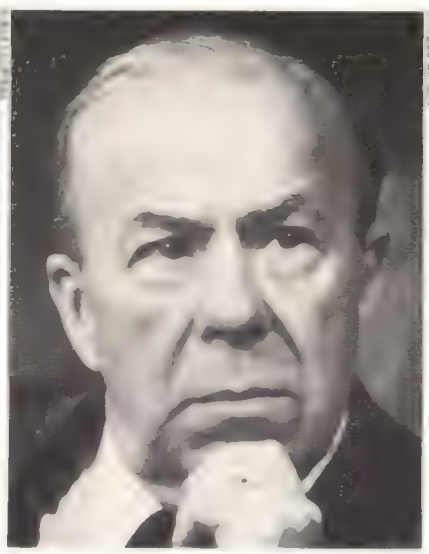
On Monday, Stone and his companions left San Salvador on a TACA International Airlines flight bound for Miami. During the stopover in Belize, a vacationing television reporter from Tampa, Mark Feldstein, boarded the plane. He settled into a seat in front of the Stone party and leaned back for a nap. Feldstein soon realized that the men behind him were drafting statements for Reagan and the Salvadoran President about the election announcement. At one point, one of Stone's companions noted, "That's worded for domestic political consumption." Feldstein grabbed an air-sickness bag and began to scribble down what he was hearing. As the plane drew near Miami, he approached Stone and told him that he was a reporter. Stone asked him if he had overheard anything; when Feldstein said yes, the ambassador tried to talk him out of using the story. Said Feldstein: "He said that I could destroy our sole chance for a nonmilitary solution in El Salvador. I told him if all this were true, then he shouldn't be discussing it on a commercial plane." Feldstein's station, WTSP-TV, broke the story the next night. Stone's gaffe not only threatened to wreck the deal but showed the U.S. in the unflattering light of a manipulator of events in El Salvador. Nevertheless, the El Salvador government has reportedly decided to advance the election date.

The Reagan Administration, meanwhile, is deeply dissatisfied with the performance of the Salvadoran military machine. Its commanders insist on broad and expensive battalion-size sweeps of the countryside, rather than the small-unit, anti-insurgent tactics urged by the U.S. trainers. The high command is rife with political infighting. Complains an official close to Reagan: "We have to deal with barracks politics as well as the attitude of 9-to-5 fighting."

The Administration itself sometimes appears to be divided on Salvadoran policy, with hard-liners like Kirkpatrick and Clark pitted against more moderate policymakers at State. When Thomas O. Enders, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, reportedly suggested that perhaps the time had come at least to explore the idea of holding talks with the guerrillas, the notion was quickly squelched.

There are compelling reasons for the U.S. to support the Salvadoran government and to continue to supply military aid, but so far the Administration has not presented its case well. If, for example, the Salvadorans ran through $26 million in a few months, how long will $60 million last? By once again thrusting El Salvador to the top of its foreign policy agenda, the Reagan Administration has, wittingly or not, raised the political stakes in the increasingly difficult debate over the future of Central America. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Timothy Loughran/San Salvador and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

National Security Adviser Clark



Secretary of State Shultz

U.N. Ambassador Kirkpatrick

A botched diplomatic maneuver, questions about U.S. trainers, and voices warning of fallen dominoes and the consequences of a lost war.

WEST GERMANY

Kohl Wins His Gamble

To Washington's relief, the voters choose continuity

Dominated by a host of fears, it was an election that inevitably took on the dimensions of a historic turning point. For nearly a quarter of a century, West German political contests had been fought out on the familiar ground of a broad national consensus on defense, foreign policy and economic management. This time it was different. The 43.4 million voters were split as rarely before over a spectrum of choices for the country's future, ranging from newly activist radical forces advocating drastic change to a conservative coalition bent on returning to some of the virtues of a bygone era. How to remedy a flagging economy with a record 2.54 million unemployed provoked sharply different ideological approaches. The defense issue was equally divisive. Torn over the consequences of either deploying or refusing to accept a new generation of NATO missiles on their soil, West Germans were threatened by Moscow and exhorted by Washington to the point where they bitterly called it the superpower election.

Against this background of unrelieved divisiveness, it seemed natural that, almost instinctively, West Germany's voters turned to the burly, folksy, reassuring figure of Helmut Kohl, 52. Less than two hours after last Sunday's polling ended, computer projections showed Kohl's Christian Democratic Union and its Bavarian ally, the Christian Social Union, gaining an estimated 49.3% of the popular vote. Kohl's Social Democratic rival, Hans-Jochen Vogel, 57, ran second with 38.2%. The environmentalist, antinuclear Green Party polled around 5%, possibly gaining a disruptive foothold in the Bundestag. The small Free Democratic Party, Kohl's old coalition partner, defied predictions of its demise and bounced back with 6.7%.

Although the result may have left the Christian Democrats just short of an absolute majority in the Bundestag, Kohl's return to power as Chancellor was assured by the survival of the Free Democrats, who once again resumed their role as the balance of power in West German politics. Kohl's risky gamble in holding national elections six months after the collapse of the coalition, led by Social Democrat Helmut Schmidt, had paid off. Despite the existence of a widespread and vocal peace and protest movement, spearheaded by the Greens, Kohl had always maintained that there was a "silent majority" in the country in favor of his pro-NATO, free-enterprise policies.

In Washington and the capitals of West European allies, the outcome of the election was bound to be greeted with a palpable sense of relief, if only because Kohl unequivocally supports NATO's 1979 decision to install U.S. cruise and Pershing II missiles at the end of this year unless there is a breakthrough in U.S.-Soviet arms negotiations in Geneva. A victory by the Social Democrats under Vogel, it had been feared, might have brought into government in Bonn the currents of pacifism now churning in West German society.

RUDI FREY

The beaming winner: Chancellor Helmut Kohl

They instinctively turned to a folksy, reassuring figure.

Under pressure from the left wing of his own party, Vogel had been expected to refuse or delay indefinitely the deployment of the missiles, thereby giving Moscow an easy victory in the political struggle over the defense of Western Europe. Throughout the campaign, Vogel had won roars of approval when he said, "Kohl has explained that he wants a mandate to move forward with the stationing of missiles. I am asking for the mandate to do everything possible in the name of Germany to make the stationing of missiles superfluous." Vogel and other Social Democratic campaigners made clear that "everything possible" meant public pressure on the U.S. to demonstrate more flexibility with the Soviets in Geneva.

Even though Kohl won the election, the missile issue is not expected to disappear. The Greens are preparing demonstrations to block, by force if necessary, the installation of the new weapons, and West German security officials predict new left- and right-wing terrorist attacks against U.S. military targets in the country. But, at least, there is a government in place to defend the NATO decision.

As much as West Germany's allies, the nation's business community was likely to rejoice in Kohl's election. From the beginning of the campaign, Kohl had stressed pocketbook issues, warning voters that the country had been living beyond its means for too long. Industrial growth may reach no more than one-quarter of 1% in 1983. The combined federal, state and municipal government budget deficit for 1983 is projected to exceed $31 billion. Vogel had promised to cancel all the austerity measures that Kohl had taken during his five months as Chancellor prior to the election. Kohl's belt-tightening gospel was undoubtedly unpopular, but Vogel's vow to return to freer spending of dwindling government resources apparently turned out to be an unsatisfactory proposition for most voters. The newly mandated Chancellor is expected to cut where he can, weather the cries of anguish and wait for the beginning of the economic turn-around that many experts now expect.

Kohl's victory banished the specter of political uncertainty that culminated in the no-confidence parliamentary vote last October that ousted Schmidt and ended 13 years of Social Democratic rule. Schmidt's downfall was triggered when the Free Democrats, led by his Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, bolted the government coalition and joined Kohl's Christian Democrats. The Free Democrats' motive: disagreement with the Social Democrats over how to reverse the nation's declining economic fortunes. Branded as "traitors," by the SPD, the Free Democrats began a downward slide in public esteem, and for a while it seemed that they might not win the 5% of the vote necessary to hold seats in the Bundestag. If neither Kohl nor Vogel had won an absolute majority last Sunday, West Germans might have then been faced with a parliament in which the balance of power was held by the antinuclear, pacifist Greens. The latter would not support Kohl, and they had earlier declared that they would back Vogel only if he agreed to the complete denuclearization, military and commercial, of West Germany.

Thus the survival of the Free Democrats was crucial for Kohl. When an angry Schmidt challenged him last October to hold immediate elections, Kohl refused, partly because he wanted to cam-

paign from the vantage point of power. But a delay was equally important in order to give the Free Democrats time to try to make a political comeback. Kohl also preferred to have Genscher, an experienced statesman, in his Cabinet. Otherwise the job would have been claimed by Franz Josef Strauss, 67, the bull-necked right-wing leader of the Christian Social Union, who still aspires to the chancellorship despite his humiliating defeat by Schmidt in national elections in 1980. Aside from being Kohl's most powerful rival within the coalition, Strauss is a clever, volatile politician who instinctively polarizes public opinion by his provocative hard-line declarations on such issues as defense and law-and-order.

Branded a traitor: Free Democrat Genscher

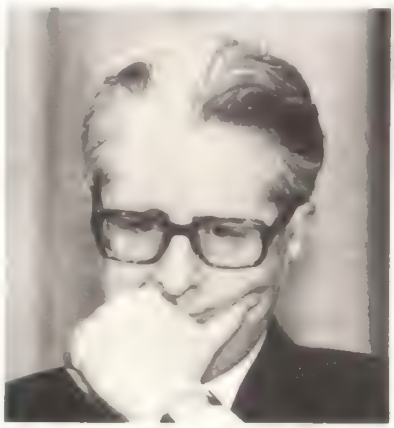
The Free Democrats' comeback was the miracle of the election. Throughout most of the campaign, Genscher had the dubious distinction of consistently being rated as the country's least popular politician. In the end, the Free Democrats, who have barely 80,000 accredited members, squeaked back mainly as the result of the fear factor. The party's posters and candidates bore the message GERMANY NEEDS THE LIBERALS, an obvious pitch to alarmed anti-Green sentiment among middle-class voters. It was also a reference to the traditional buffer role of the Free Democrats. In coalition with the Social Democrats, the party was able to help Schmidt keep a lid on his vociferous left wing and thus maintain West German foreign policy in the mainstream of NATO. The implied promise Genscher made this time was that the Free Democrats would help Kohl offset more hard-line conservatives within the government.

Kohl's most powerful rival: Bavarian Leader Franz Josef Strauss

Like his rivals, Vogel played upon voter fears. A series of Social Democratic newspaper advertisements across the country warned, "He who votes for Kohl will automatically get rockets; he who votes for Kohl is against the rights of women; he who votes for Kohl stands for higher rents." Early on, Vogel sought to give his candidacy an international dimension with a visit to Moscow, where he had a 2½-hour meeting with Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, an unusually long session for a Western opposition leader. Vogel's earlier meeting with President Reagan in Washington was more perfunctory, but it also provided the candidate with invaluable public exposure. At the same time, Vogel was moving subtly to the left on the missile issue and courting environmentalists in order to pick up votes from the Greens.

Kohl probably underestimated the full extent of public opposition to NATO's missile plan. Despite the Chancellor's faith in a silent majority, opinion surveys showed in mid-January that most West Germans were in favor of at least delaying the installation of the new weapons if the deadlock in U.S.-Soviet negotiations in Geneva persisted. The polls showed that 54% of Kohl's own supporters preferred postponement, along with 70% of the Free Democrats and 65% of the Social Democrats. Though the apparent rigidity of the U.S. negotiating position in Geneva—the zero option under which no NATO missiles would be deployed if the Soviets agreed to dismantle some 340 SS-20 missiles already in place—cost the Chancellor support, he never wavered in his pro-NATO policy.

Moscow made little secret of its preference for Vogel because it saw the Social Democratic leader as less likely to proceed with the missile deployment. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, first on a visit to Bonn and later in Moscow, warned the West Germans against following the U.S. lead on intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe. U.S. lobbying was no less obvious. On a special mission to Western Europe, Vice President George Bush defended the zero option as a moral approach to nuclear disarmament but, to help Kohl with the voters, indicated that the U.S. was prepared to be flexible in Geneva. From the White House, Reagan said it would be a "terrible setback to the cause of peace and disarmament" if a Bonn government rejected the missiles.


The loser: Social Democrat Vogel

Moves to the left and unconvincing promises.

In the end, Kohl won because his campaign message had a greater ring of plausibility for the voters. West Germans may dream longingly of a fatherland without nuclear weapons, but in the voting booths many apparently recognized this vision as dangerously utopian for a divided nation on the frontier with the Communist bloc. Kohl was also more credible on economic issues. He preached hard work and belt tightening, while Vogel in the last weeks of the campaign came up with the promise to launch a $3.5 billion government investment program to boost consumer spending and eventually create hundreds of thousands of new jobs in the ecological and energy fields.

Even in the carping political atmosphere of Bonn, it is generally agreed that Kohl has gained stature since he took over as Chancellor last October. Yet, judging from the polls, he cannot regard his victory as a sweeping mandate for missile deployment. If the U.S. and the Soviets manage to cobble a compromise deal in Geneva, it will almost certainly entail the basing of some new missiles in West Germany. Kohl will have to sell that agreement to the West German public in the face of protest and possibly even violence from opponents. On the other hand, Kohl's victory also makes the prospect of an arms agreement look better, since the Soviets were unlikely to negotiate seriously if Vogel had won.

The surge of business confidence that was expected to greet Kohl's election, however, may quickly sour as unemployment continues to climb. Above all, Kohl's most formidable task will be to walk a course that heals the divisions in West German society and to try, if possible, to restore the consensus that has kept the country running so well in the past. That, no doubt, was what the voters expected when they chose him to be the prescription for the country's political ailments. —*By Frederick Painton. Reported by Roland Flamini, Gary Lee and John Moody/Bonn*

MIDDLE EAST

Within Reach?

Hopes for a breakthrough

All sides cautioned that an agreement was far from imminent. Still, there was a distinct sense last week that a breakthrough in the negotiations for Israel's withdrawal from Lebanon might be in the making. Said a high U.S. official in the Middle East: "It's within reach, but the Israeli Cabinet will have to make some tough decisions." That guardedly optimistic assessment of the trilateral U.S.-Lebanese-Israeli talks was the most hopeful sign yet that U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib has made progress in bringing the two sides closer together. Late last week Habib flew to Cairo to brief the Egyptian government on the outline of a tentative plan. He then went on to Jerusalem for discussions with Israeli officials before returning to the U.S. for consultations.

Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens takes a firsthand look at Israeli-occupied Lebanon

The proposal: full troop withdrawal, joint inspection teams, regular border patrol.

American officials said that reports early last week that Israel had agreed to the plan and then reneged were not true. "We have made great headway with the Lebanese," said a State Department aide in Washington, "but Israel has not yet agreed." The U.S., however, has made clear to Israel that it considers the Lebanese positions worked out with Habib "reasonable." The essential terms of Habib's proposal:

▸ Normalization of relations between Israel and Lebanon will be negotiated some months after a full troop withdrawal. This would give Lebanon time to work out terms that would not be rejected by other Arab states, which provide sorely needed export markets for Lebanese goods.

▸ Border zone security would be handled by joint Lebanese-Israeli inspection teams. The Israeli participants would be garrisoned in Israel rather than in Lebanon, as Israel had proposed. The U.S. backs the Lebanese position that Israeli security does not require the presence of Israeli troops on Lebanese soil. Lebanon probably would not object to a 28-mile zone north of the Israeli border that has been demanded by Israel.

▸ The border itself would be patrolled by the regular Lebanese army. The militia of Major Saad Haddad, Israel's Lebanese surrogate in the border area for the past six years, would be disbanded. Haddad would be "treated honorably" and given military retirement or a diplomatic post.

▸ UNIFIL, the United Nations peacekeeping force that now polices the border, would be moved north to assist the Lebanese army in guarding the Palestinian refugee camps at Sidon and Tyre. There is an urgent need for more protection for the Palestinians. Authorities report an increasing number of kidnapings and murders of Palestinians believed to be the work of Phalangist militiamen, and there are widespread fears that the stage is being set for another massacre like that at the Beirut camps last September.

Many details of a final agreement must still be worked out, particularly the terms for withdrawal of Syrian and Palestinian forces. Yasser Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, has said that he will not pull out his forces before the Syrians go, and the Syrians have said they will not leave before the Israelis. That means mutual and simultaneous withdrawal of all forces will probably have to be arranged. Still, there was a palpable feeling of optimism among Lebanese officials last week. The ball now appeared to be in Israel's court. The Israeli Cabinet "may have to climb down from some of its strongly held public positions," cautioned an American official. But the Israelis have been cooperative in the past month, he said, adding, "They want to get out of there." ■

PAKISTAN

Hitting Heroin

Agents score a big drug bust

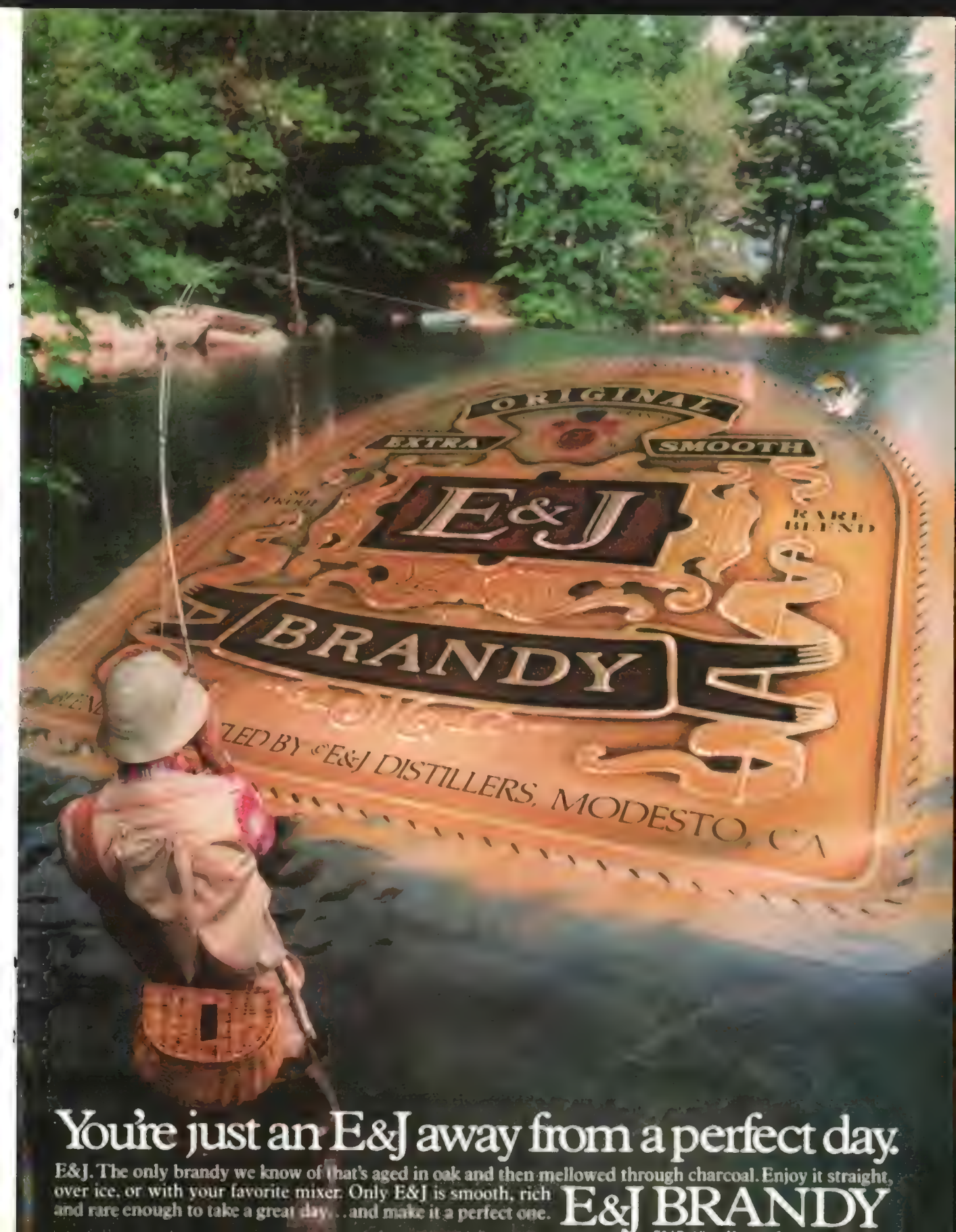
Like a scene out of an adventure film, the tank truck rumbles to a stop at the frontier checkpoint, churning up a cloud of dust. A border guard comes out to check the driver's identity papers. Suddenly a squad of armed customs agents bursts from a nearby hut. The driver guns the engine and slams through the barricade. The agents open fire. The truck swerves to a stop. Four men leap out and escape into the gathering dusk. The agents, led by a 39-year-old Pathan tribesman named Jehangir Khan, are only perfunctory in their pursuit. They are more interested in the truck's cargo: 421 kilos of heroin, worth $250 million uncut and up to $1 billion on the streets of Western Europe and the U.S.

The drug bust last week between the Khyber Pass and Peshawar in northwest Pakistan was one of the biggest in history. Yet it represented just a fraction of the exports from the so-called Golden Crescent, an area spanning parts of Pakistan, Afghanistan and Iran that produces the lion's share of the world's heroin. The raw material for the drug is grown in 100,000 acres of opium-poppy fields, processed in local laboratories and smuggled out through Pakistan. The Golden Crescent accounts for as much as 90% of the heroin sold in Western Europe and more than half that sold in the U.S.

At American urging, Pakistani President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq has cracked down on the narcotics industry in his country. Officials of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration in Washington, which works closely with the Pakistanis, estimate that their joint efforts have stopped only about 10% of the traffic out of the area. But they feel that Pakistan is serious about fighting heroin production. Last year about 2,000 kilos of heroin were seized in the country, and they hope for an even better showing this year.

Khan, a specially trained Pakistani customs official, has cultivated a network of informants throughout the Golden Crescent. All of them are smugglers who turned to informing to make more money or to settle old scores. Since moving to Peshawar three years ago, Khan has seized 1,458 kilos of heroin. "I do not feel any sense of elation when we make a big bust," says Khan. "What I worry about is whether my informant's cover has been blown. If it has, then it means we have a lot of time to make up."

Khan has no illusions about what can really be achieved. In the Golden Crescent, smuggling and smugglers' routes are almost as old as the Khyber Pass. Says Khan of the prospects for his antidrug crusade: "When the hills disappear, only then can you expect the traffic to end." ■



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AUSTRALIA

Hawke Swoops into Power

Voters bet on a chummy, charismatic new leader

Barely a month ago, Robert James Lee (Bob) Hawke, 53, was a fledgling parliamentarian with a mediocre record as his party's spokesman for industrial relations. Last weekend he was elected Prime Minister of Australia, leading to victory a listless, often divided Labor Party that has held power for just three of the past 34 years. Claiming about 74 seats in the 125-seat House of Representatives (an approximate swing of 22), Hawke and his Laborites ended the 7½-year reign of Incumbent Malcolm Fraser and his Liberal/National Party coalition. Fraser, a three-time winner whose majorities in 1975 and 1977 were the largest in Australian history, tersely conceded defeat. Then, pale and close to tears, he stunned supporters by announcing his immediate resignation as Liberal leader.

Hawke, meanwhile, followed the results from a hotel suite in Canberra, from which he could see, less than half a mile away, the white-painted Parliament House where he will now govern. Shortly after midnight, he drove to the huge National Exhibition Center to greet 1,500 cheering well-wishers. When he entered, champagne corks popped, hundreds chanted "We want Bob!" and tables and chairs were knocked over as the throng mobbed its next Prime Minister. Hawke celebrated his remarkable victory with measured and modest optimism. "This is going to be a government for all Australians," he declared. "We have a wonderful country. If we all work together, I can see no bounds to what we can do."

The exuberant festivities suited a man who has long entertained great expectations. The son of a country parson in South Australia, Hawke was 15 when he first boasted that he would one day become Prime Minister. Throughout a long and highly visible career, he has enjoyed the image of an accomplished but eminently human character: in his past are both a Rhodes scholarship and a drinking problem. At Oxford he wrote a thesis on Australian labor relations and swaggered into the *Guinness Book of World Records* by gulping down 2½ pints of beer in 12 seconds.

After first running for Parliament unsuccessfully in 1963, Hawke spent the next 17 years commanding attention and consolidating political power indirectly: as president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions (A.C.T.U.) from 1970 to 1980, as president of the Labor Party (1973-78), and as the hand-picked protégé of Labor Prime Minister Gough Whitlam. By the time he joined Parliament in 1980, Hawke was already Australia's most popular public figure. His bid for leadership seemed only a matter of time.

Hawke doubtless profited from a campaign that focused less on issues than on personalities. Sometimes brawling, sometimes brilliant, he was thoroughly in his element, always ready to win friends with a slap on the back or to convince voters with his eloquent rhetoric. Above all, he spoke to the common man. As the Melbourne *Age* put it, "He is the best communicator in the country, capable of reducing complex arguments to simple sentences, at times punctuated with the odd expletive." Hawke seized the momentum when the campaign began and never relinquished it.

By contrast, Fraser was generally on the defensive. In calling elections seven months early, he had hoped to limit the political damage of a worsening economy and to run against Bill Hayden, Hawke's lackluster predecessor as head of the Labor Party. The maneuver backfired when, on the very day Fraser called the election, Labor dumped Hayden and turned to the charismatic Hawke. Fraser responded by reminding Australia's basically conservative electorate of his own 27 years in Parliament, compared with Hawke's two years. But more often, he devoted too much energy to disparaging Hawke's politics and too little to detailing his own. Having accused Hawke of "socialism by stealth," Fraser somewhat hysterically warned voters that under a Labor government "savings would be safer under your bed than in the bank." His alarmist charges succeeded mainly in bewildering the banking community and alienating voters. At one point, Hawke retorted archly, "You can't put your savings under the bed because that's where all the Commies are."

In the end, however, Fraser was largely defeated by Australia's economic woes. Unemployment is at 10.1%, the highest since the early 1930s. Inflation is 11.2% annually, and economic growth is only 1%. The recession has been exacerbated by the worst drought in 40 years and by bush fires that swept through southeastern Australia three weeks ago, claiming 72 lives and destroying 2,500 homes. Further reports of sharply declining productivity in a wide variety of consumer goods reached the candidates as they campaigned. But where Fraser advocated prudent economic conservatism, Hawke called for an ambitious $2.65 billion public works program designed to create half a million jobs during the next three years. He also promised to increase pensions and reduce taxes for low- and middle-income wage earners.

A beaming Bob Hawke champions Australian unity on the campaign trail

At times brawling, at times brilliant, he knows how to win friends and influence voters

Hawke's prospects as Prime Minister now depend upon his ability to raise the money for his program, while containing inflation and conciliating his former colleagues in Australia's strike-prone unions. He has already conferred with labor leaders and produced a 37-page policy statement linking wage increases to rises in the cost of living. He further plans to combat divisiveness by holding a national summit in which government, union leaders and employers will discuss Australia's fiscal problems.

Once known as the "Mr. Fixit" of Australia's stormy industrial relations, Hawke has emerged as something of a miracle worker in the Labor Party. But it is one thing to call for "national reconciliation, national recovery, national reconstruction," and quite another to deliver. The engaging but untested new Prime Minister now has his chance. —*By Pico Iyer. Reported by John Dunn/Melbourne*

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When the Police Blunder a Little

The court considers a major exception to the exclusionary rule

The anonymous letter to police in Bloomingdale, Ill., reported that Lance and Susan Gates had more than $100,000 worth of drugs in their basement and that they "make their living on selling drugs." Prompted by the letter, officers made a preliminary investigation, went to a magistrate, got a warrant, searched the Gates home and car and found more than 350 lbs. of marijuana, along with drug paraphernalia, weapons and ammunition. A good bust of two suspected drug traffickers? Not exactly. Instead, that case turned out to be potentially the most important test of the search-and-seizure rules in two decades.

Before the Gateses went on trial, the Illinois Supreme Court ruled that the anonymous tip and preliminary investigation did not provide probable cause to issue a warrant. The court threw out all the discovered physical evidence because of the much reviled exclusionary rule, which holds that the fruits of an illegal search may not be used against the defendant in court. The U.S. Supreme Court last year considered arguments on the legality of the warrant in the Gates case, but then unexpectedly asked the lawyers to return to debate a proposition not previously at issue in the case: Should there be an exception to the exclusionary rule when law-enforcement officials act illegally but "in good faith"?

Before a crowded, tense courtroom last week, Illinois First Assistant Attorney General Paul Biebel told the Justices that the actions of the Bloomingdale police "can only be characterized as thorough and professional. This is clearly not the kind of activity the exclusionary rule was meant to deter." Speaking against a legal rule that the President has called "absurd," U.S. Solicitor General Rex Lee added that the search was made in the "reasonable good-faith belief " that it was constitutional; second thoughts by an appeals court should not bar use of "highly relevant" evidence. James Reilley, the Gateses' attorney, countered by reciting a long list of state and federal court rulings on the exclusionary rule that seem to brook no major exceptions. But the list may be coming to an end.

The drafters of the Bill of Rights never imagined the current complexity. Their experience with search-and-seizure problems involved writs of assistance, general warrants that allowed the King's agents to conduct wide-ranging searches of the homes of his colonial subjects. To protect citizens from such intrusions by the new Federal Government, the Fourth Amendment specifically prohibits "unreasonable searches and seizures" by authorities and requires detailed warrants. In 1914, the Supreme Court concluded that officials were leaving the amendment in tatters as they routinely tore through privacy rights. The court unanimously ordered federal criminal trial judges to exclude evidence seized unconstitutionally.

Even at its birth, the exclusionary rule seemed to many an overreaction. "The criminal is to go free because the constable has blundered," objected New York Court of Appeals Judge Benjamin Cardozo, who was later to join the high bench. The real howls, however, did not come until 1961, when Earl Warren's Supreme Court ruled that state as well as federal courts were bound by the rule. About half the states had not previously adopted it; they hurriedly set up programs to school patrolmen on the ins and outs of the new requirements. The specifics changed almost monthly as courts grappled with an array of new defense challenges.

In recent years, high crime rates and a more conservative mood have prompted a growing outcry. "People are all mad as the dickens that defendants are freed on technicalities," says Utah Supreme Court Chief Justice Dallin Oaks. The rule, wrote Oaks in 1970 when he was a University of Chicago law professor, "imposes excessive costs on the criminal-justice system." It takes "limitless patience with irrationality" to tolerate the fact that "where there have been two wrongs, the defendant's and the officer's, both will go free." Another problem, says U.S. Appeals Court Judge Malcolm Wilkey of the District of Columbia Circuit, is that "every defense lawyer feels obliged to make a suppression motion in search-and-seizure cases." Wilkey reports that 22% of the criminal cases in his court required analysis of such claims, a process that seriously bogged down the system. Says he: "No other civilized country in the world has a rule excluding relevant material evidence." He contends that the sanction only encourages perjury by police when they testify about the search in question.

New York City Deputy Police Commissioner Kenneth Conboy claims that the rule does not deter much official misconduct. If evidence is discarded at trial, he says, "most officers don't care. You know why? Because the guy rarely goes to jail anyway." Besides, police have no certainty that their best efforts will stand up. "You're talking about sophisticated, subtle distinctions," notes Conboy. "It takes judges months to reach decisions. Police have to make them instantaneously, in alleys, with guns and knives around."

Nonetheless, argue the rule's backers, a judge has to look intently over the policeman's shoulder in order to keep the process as pure as possible. "Law enforcement must be sound and aggressive," insists Maryland Attorney General Stephen Sachs, "but citizens must see law enforcement as law-abiding. The government should not stoop to conquer."

Does this concern for purity cost too much in lost prosecutions? The statistics do not provide a clear-cut answer. According to a 1979 report by the General Accounting Office, Congress's investigatory arm, one in every 250 federal criminal cases is not prosecuted because of the exclusionary rule. A recent study in Cali-

Safe in Your Car?

The average citizen probably worries most about encountering the police while in his car. Herewith a primer of a driver's rights.

The Supreme Court has ruled that a policeman may order you out of your car after stopping you for a traffic violation. In any case, it is usually wise to get out so that the officer can see you are not a threat. He may not frisk you unless he has a reasonable basis for believing that you are armed and dangerous. Erratic or menacing behavior, or a bulge in your pockets, could justify a frisk, but wearing a beard or unusual clothing cannot. If the officer does "pat you down," he may go into only those pockets where he feels something that could be a weapon.

What about your car? The patrolman may seize any contraband that is in plain view, but the Fourth Amendment prohibits a search inside the car unless he has sound reasons for thinking that it contains contraband or illegal weapons. Your rights will not count for much if you are rude, however, because the officer can still choose to make a formal arrest for your traffic offense. If he does, he can then thoroughly search both you and the passenger compartment of the car.

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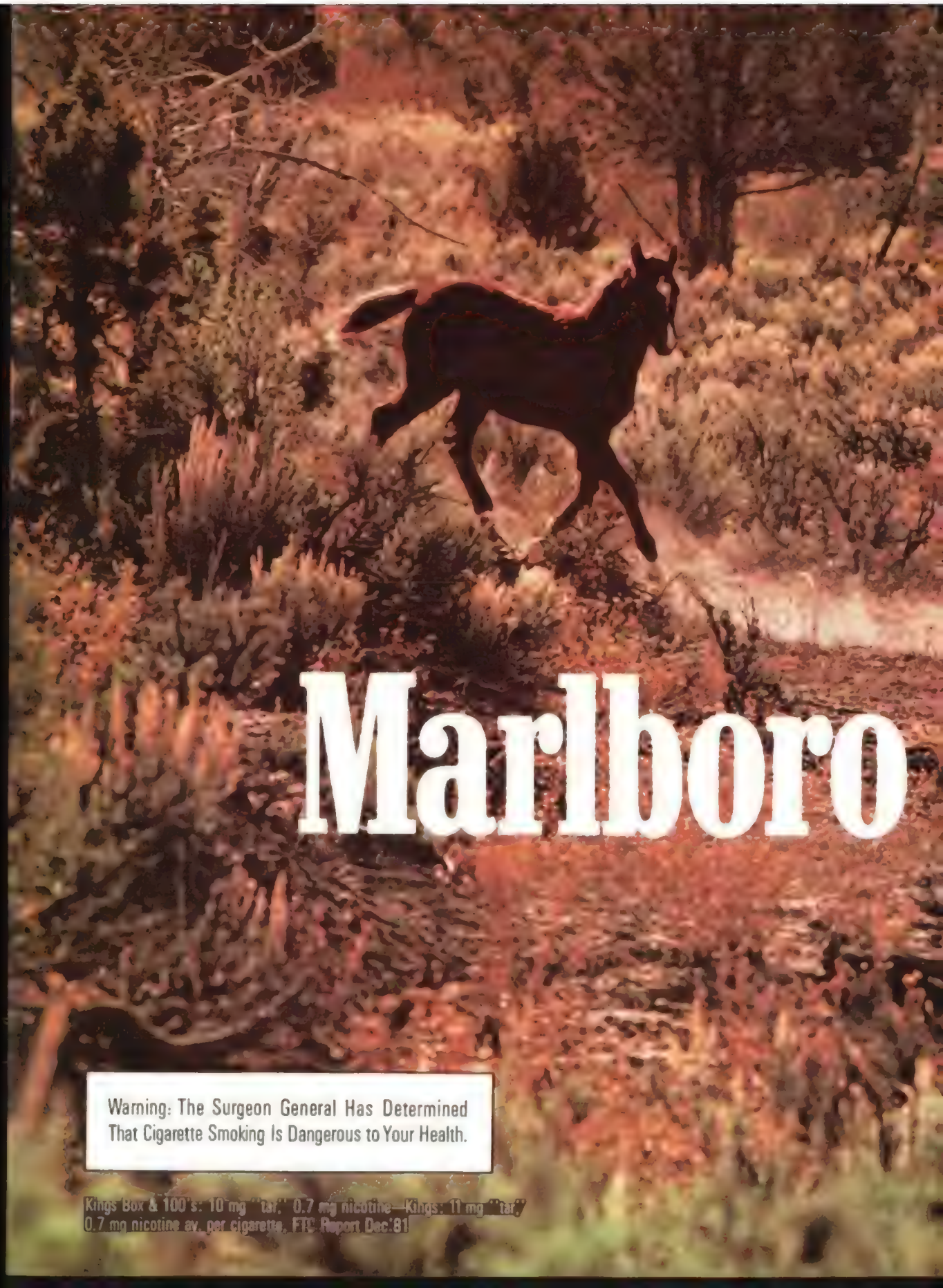
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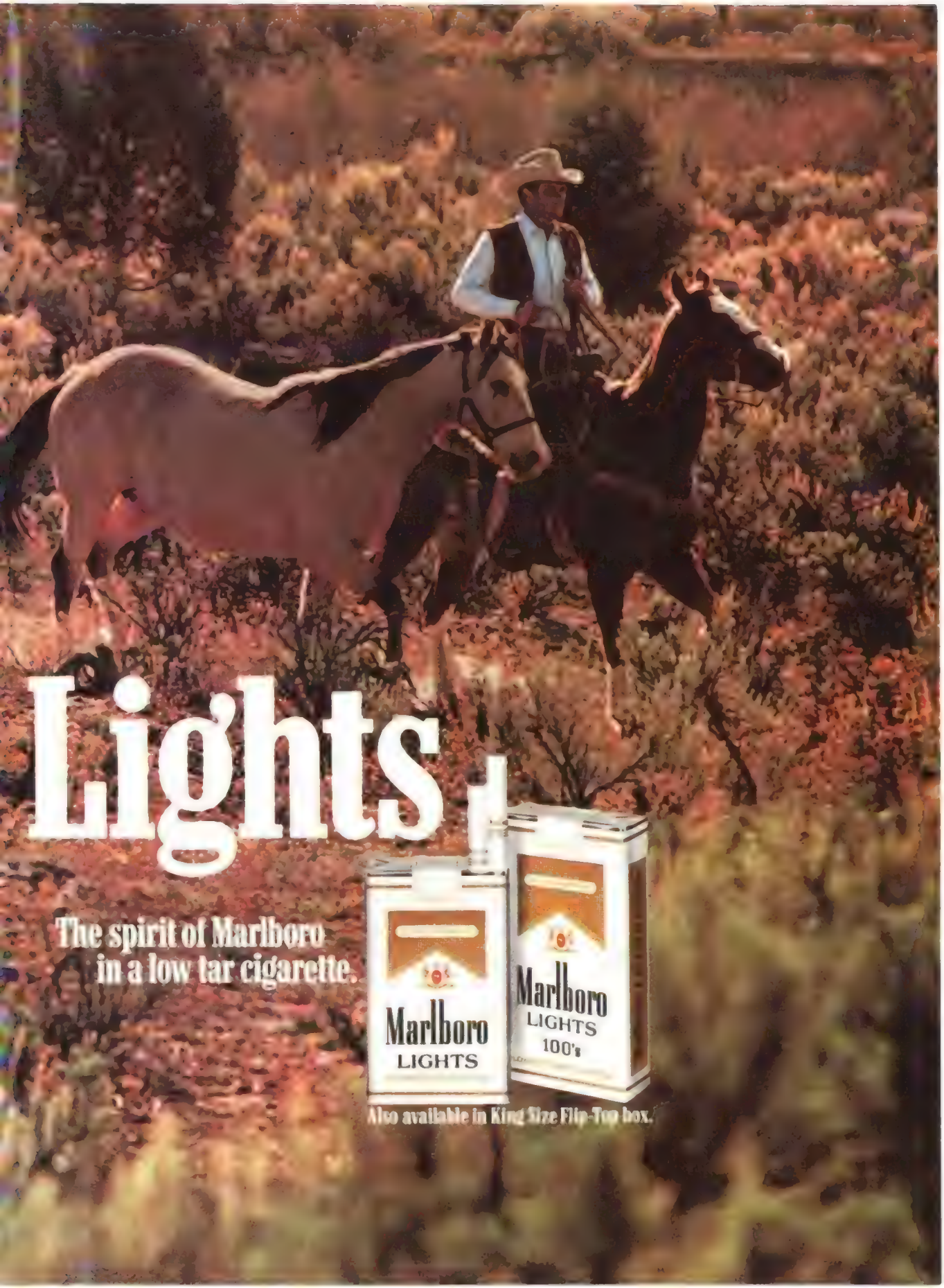
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fornia, however, found that nearly one in 20 felony cases was not brought because of the rule. The only fact that the figures do clearly demonstrate is that the vast majority of search-and-seizure problems involve drug cases. The impact on cases of violent crimes seems small.

No one considers the rule ideal. "Even civil libertarians sort of hold their noses while arguing for it," says Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan. He would permit the use of any relevant evidence even if it was unlawfully obtained, but only when the offending officer's department has training and disciplinary programs to promote adherence to the Fourth Amendment. Kaplan's approach is also favored by the Police Executive Research Forum, which is made up of police chiefs and county sheriffs.

In a variation of that idea, Judge Wilkey proposes a minitrial after conviction to examine challenged police conduct. If it was ruled illegal, the officer's department would have to punish him adequately or risk having the conviction thrown out. Others suggest that the convicted subject of an unlawful search could sue police for damages. But this idea has never seemed very realistic. Scoffs New York City Defense Lawyer Robert Morvillo: "A defendant is not going to have the money to bring a suit, and he's not going to have credibility with a jury."

The most widely supported alternative is the good-faith exception now before the court. The proposal has already been adopted by at least two federal appeals courts and three states. If the Supreme Court approves such an exception, it could be limited to searches conducted with warrants that turn out to be invalid, as in the Gates case. The exception could also apply any time police were able to prove they had acted in good faith.

"The idea frightens me. Police would be more careless," says Georgetown Law Professor William Greenhalgh, a former prosecutor; on behalf of the American Bar Association, he wrote a *Gates* brief supporting the existing rule. Notes University of Michigan Law Professor Yale Kamisar: "What are we asking here? Whether a police officer reasonably acted unreasonably? If they lower the standard any more, they'll reduce the rule to the vanishing point."

How the Supreme Court will resolve this debate will probably not be known until the end of the term in June. But most court watchers suspect that the exclusionary rule is in for a rough time. Sentiment on the court is thought to be narrowly divided, and the outcome could depend on Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who succeeded Potter Stewart, an exclusionary-rule backer; O'Connor seemed to favor a good-faith exception at her 1981 Senate confirmation hearing. That change could produce a new majority, one that favors closing a loophole for criminals at the risk of opening a new one for police. ***—By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by David S. Jackson/Washington***

Computers

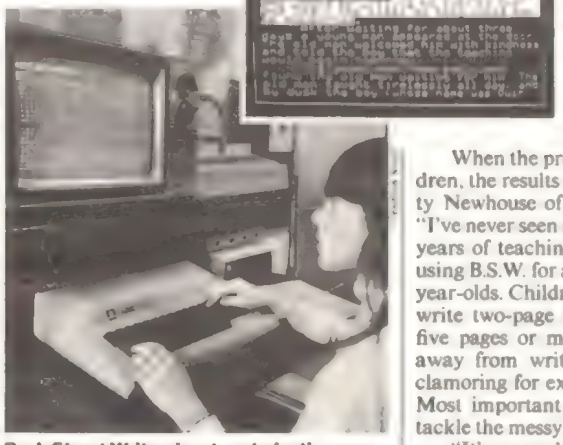
Words at the Flick of a Key

A new program brings high tech to children's writing

Writing is never easy, but some people find it far more troublesome than others. For young children, pencil and paper can present Sisyphean problems: by the time some youngsters have formed the letters, they have lost track of what they wanted to say. Moreover, extensive revision, the key to good writing, is sometimes hard to squeeze on a sheet of paper, handwritten or typed. It is a rare and unpopular teacher who requires any but the most superficial rewriting, since changing sentences may mean recopying a whole page.

Computers, which can correct, expand, recopy and print words at the flick of a key, have increasingly stirred the interest of writing and language arts teachers, a group that once eyed the computer revolution with suspicion and dread. Two years ago, researchers at New York City's progressive Bank Street College of Education decided to find out how word processors might affect the writing of their students. They had a few hundred grade-school children and a dozen microcomputers. But they lacked one necessary ingredient: a suitable writing program. Recalls President Richard Ruopp: "We tested the available word processors and found we couldn't use any of them."

Result: the Bank Street Writer, a $69.95 computer program ($95 for the three-disc school package) that will turn an Apple, Atari or, by summer, Commodore computer into an uncomplicated word processor. Designed by Software Consultant Franklin Smith and a team of experts from Bank Street and Intentional Educations Inc., a software development firm in Watertown, Mass., the disc is not only changing the way some children hone their writing skills, it is also proving a commercial success. It is now the fourth fastest-selling word-processing program on the market, competing against such powerful bestsellers as WordStar ($495), Screenwriter II ($129.95) and Letter Perfect ($149.95).



Bank Street Writer; inset, a student's prose

Polishing off tales of knights and dragons.

The key to B.S.W.'s success is ease of use: the writer slides the floppy disc into a computer and turns the machine on. In a matter of seconds, the computer is programmed and ready for typing. There are no codes to memorize, because all instructions are shown on the top of the screen. Yet for all of its simplicity, it is powerful: characters appear and disappear at a keystroke; blocks of text jump quickly from one place to another.

When the program was tested on children, the results were dramatic. Says Kitty Newhouse of the Bank Street School: "I've never seen so much excitement in 15 years of teaching writing." Newhouse is using B.S.W. for a class of ten- and eleven-year-olds. Children who once struggled to write two-page stories are churning out five pages or more. Students who shied away from writing anything at all are clamoring for extra time at the machine. Most important, the children cheerfully tackle the messy business of revision.

"It's so much easier on the computer," said Sharon Musher, 10, as she polished off a tale of knights and dragons. Said Jonathan Friedberg, 11: "I can put a new word in. I can move a sentence or a whole page." Similar testimonials emerge from schools in cities as scattered as Palo Alto, Calif.; Ann Arbor, Mich.; and Keene, N.H. This summer hundreds of Atari computer campers will use B.S.W. to write letters home. In Calgary, Alta., a dozen children with muscle-control problems have been spending four hours a week with it. Says Psychologist Richard Conte: "This is a real boost for kids who for years have been criticized for sloppy work."

Judging from recent sales, however, a good proportion of B.S.W. users are adults. Designing a program for children, the Bank Street team inadvertently responded to a challenge the entire software industry faces: making computers accessible to people who do not understand machines and do not want to read manuals. "The idea of an easy-to-use word processor is not a profound notion," says Bank Street's Ruopp. "But it is surprising that nobody has done it before." ■

Bracing for a Showdown

As OPEC struggles to avoid a price war, gold sinks and Wall Street soars

For the feuding members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, the time had come for another showdown. Oil ministers from eight of the 13 OPEC countries gathered last week in London's elegant Grosvenor Square at a five-story, red-brick Georgian mansion where the delegate from the United Arab Emirates, Sheik Mani Said al-Oteiba, maintains his residence. The meeting had an urgent mission: agreement on a pricing pact and a set of production quotas that would keep the cost of oil from tumbling uncontrollably. Over the previous weekend Saudi Arabia and its Persian Gulf neighbors had issued an ultimatum to the rest of OPEC: unless a deal was struck within seven days, the gulf nations said, they would slash their oil prices to as low as $27 per bbl., $7 below the official OPEC price of $34. Such a move could trigger an all-out price war that would threaten OPEC's survival.

After two days of wrangling, the ministers adjourned and invited delegates from the other five OPEC countries to join the meeting this week. Saudi Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani reportedly said, "I think we will have an agreement." Others, though, were skeptical. Said William Brown, director of energy studies at the Hudson Institute, north of New York City: "They will meet. They will talk. They may even agree. But they will go home and violate whatever agreement they reach."

The growing probability that OPEC has lost its grip on oil prices threw the financial markets into turmoil. Gold, a favorite inflation hedge, plunged to $408.50 per oz., down nearly $100 in eleven days, before rebounding a bit to $415 at week's end. On Wall Street, the prospect of a brisk economic recovery unleashed another stampede in the stock market. The Dow Jones industrial average closed at record highs on four consecutive days, finishing the week at an alltime peak of 1140.96.

The White House turned bullish too. Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, said that the Administration would soon hike its forecast for this year's G.N.P. growth rate, from 3.1% to perhaps 5%. That optimism was buoyed by the news that the index of leading economic indicators jumped 3.6% in January, its biggest one-month gain in nearly 33 years. Oil prices could be magical at keeping inflation down. At $30, the price, adjusted for inflation, would be only 28% above its 1974 level.

Behind OPEC's crisis is the continuing worldwide glut of oil that is forcing down prices. Three weeks ago Britain and Norway, which are not OPEC members, lowered their charge for North Sea oil by $3 per bbl., to $30.50. Nigeria, a member, promptly retaliated by cutting the price of its premium-quality crude by $5.50, to $30 per bbl. That put enormous pressure on the other OPEC countries to make big cuts.

At the London meeting, the Saudis and their gulf allies suggested that the OPEC price be dropped $4, to $30. At the same time, they insisted that Nigeria boost its charge to $31.50. Reason: Nigeria's so-called sweet crude yields a particularly desirable mix of products after refining, so the Saudis must charge less than Nigeria to stay competitive. Nigeria, fear-

"Gentlemen of OPEC . . . We are in need of a more unified policy."

ful of losing sales to its North Sea competitors, is so far sticking with its price.

The major stumbling block to an agreement is the belligerent attitude of Iran, which sent no delegate to last week's sessions. Publicly, the Iranians have demanded that the OPEC benchmark stay at $34. Privately, they are selling all the oil they can at cut rates to raise cash for their war with another OPEC member, Iraq. Oil industry sources in Western Europe say that Iran has been selling oil for as little as $20 per bbl. The Iranians apparently hope that the official price will stay at $34 so they can keep undercutting it.

One of the principal characters in last week's events remained offstage: British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. It is increasingly clear that OPEC will need some cooperation from other oil-producing countries to have any hope of controlling prices. Two of the largest of these competitors, Mexico and Norway, have been yielding to the full-court press they have been getting from OPEC oil ministers in the past week or two, but apparently Thatcher has not. Said one of her aides: "OPEC is a cartel and must run its own affairs. It must stop involving the British government."

Nonetheless, British Energy Minister Nigel Lawson met separately with the ministers from Venezuela and the United Arab Emirates. All three were mum about the talks. Some oilmen in Britain, however, believe the U.K. might reach a tacit understanding with OPEC to avoid a price war. Further price cuts could, after all, drain revenues from the sagging British economy. But any agreement to limit production would go against Thatcher's staunch free-market philosophy, and would also violate contracts that give private companies, including British Petroleum and Royal Dutch/Shell, the right to pump North Sea crude.

The Mexicans apparently will go along. In Paris last week, Mexican officials huddled with OPEC representatives from Venezuela, Algeria and Kuwait. According to OPEC sources, the Mexicans indicated that they would follow the organization's lead on pricing and hold their production to 1.5 million bbl. a day, no higher than the average level of last year.

Many U.S. energy experts fear that a drop in oil will undermine conservation efforts and ultimately boost demand for foreign oil supplies. Some, including James McKie, economics professor at the University of Texas, favor a tax on imported oil to keep the price of crude from dipping below $30 in the U.S. Says McKie: "It's a matter of national security." But the Administration is against imposing such a tax any time soon. Said Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige: "Why not give the consumer a break?" The White House apparently wants the public to reap all it can from OPEC's travails. —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by James Shepherd/London and William Stewart/Beirut*

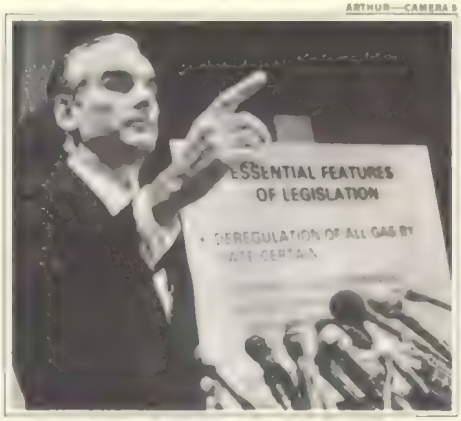
The Gas Plan: Winners and Losers

Oil prices may be headed down, but the heat on natural gas keeps rising. Some tempers were getting close to the boiling point last week over President Reagan's sweeping gas decontrol package, a complex effort to reshape an industry distorted by layers of regulation. Said Robert Hefner, president of GHK Co., an independent Oklahoma City gas producer: "We're getting double-crossed, and we're going to fight like hell."

Not everyone, of course, is angry over the proposal. The 33-page bill, scheduled for a Senate Energy Committee hearing this week, is intended to brake the upward march of U.S. gas prices. The rise sparked a spate of protests this winter by adding about 25% to the average residential user's rates, despite an oversupply of gas and a drop in the cost of heating oil.

The legislation would chop through the regulatory thicket that has helped to prop up prices. It would deregulate all gas by January 1986 and, in a stunning departure from the Administration's free-market principles, would exercise a rarely used federal power by throwing open long-term contracts between producers and pipelines for immediate renegotiation.

The proposal would add a few controls of its own. In hopes of satisfying those who think prices will rise, the plan would impose a floating price cap on some wellhead gas until 1986. Also, pipelines would need Government approval until then to pass along any hikes that outstrip inflation.



ARTHUR—CAMERA 5

Hodel explaining the Reagan deregulation bill

The big winners clearly would be the 20 major oil companies that own about 75% of the so-called old gas drilled before April 1977. That gas is tightly regulated under present law. Some of it sells for as little as 28¢ per 1,000 cu. ft., or less than one-tenth of the price of new gas, for which ceilings are higher to encourage exploration. Under the Reagan plan, producers would immediately be permitted to negotiate higher rates for old gas, some of which has been left in the ground because it fetches such a low price. The smaller energy companies, which have discovered 80% of the new gas, could be the biggest losers because some of their prices could drop from around $5 to as little as $2.50 when contracts are renegotiated.

Consumer groups also oppose the bill, even though the Administration contends that it would lower prices. Energy Secretary Donald Hodel estimates that residential gas rates could drop as much as 5% in the first year under the measure, assuming that oil costs about $31 per bbl. (and more if crude is cheaper). But the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition, the main consumer antideregulation lobby, argues that prices would go up, not down, by perhaps 67% within four years. Says Edwin Rothschild, assistant director, referring to an Administration argument: "They think that as much gas will be falling in price as will be rising. To us, that just doesn't make sense."

Pipelines and some big utilities also fear deregulation because it would raise the price that they pay for old gas. The pipelines, for example, would be squeezed if they could not pass along any cost increases from renegotiated contracts with producers. Says Jack Earnest, senior vice president of Texas Eastern Transmission Corp., a large pipeline-operating firm: "I guess they figured that the consumers could get on one side, the producers on the other, and they'd both just beat on us."

Few observers expect the measure to get very far without major changes. Illinois Republican Tom Corcoran, a co-sponsor of the proposal, acknowledges that some 150 of his fellow House members have their names on other gas bills, most opposing decontrol. Last week a group of 29 Congressmen announced plans for a measure to roll back some prices to January 1982 levels. In the Senate, Majority Leader Howard Baker has let it be known that he will not push the Reagan proposal, and Howard Metzenbaum, an Ohio Democrat, has threatened to filibuster. Ironically, the bill's best chances may lie in its complexity, which makes it hard to grapple with, let alone reject. Says Corcoran: "One of its attractive features is that it has got everybody confused."

Steeling for Some Givebacks

With half its workers laid off, the union okays a pay slash

For decades every contract signed by the major steel producers and the United Steelworkers brought higher wages and benefits for the people in the grimy business of running America's blast furnaces and rolling mills. In time steelworkers became the highest-paid blue-collar employees in the U.S. In January their average hourly pay ran at $14.39, *vs.* $13.07 for auto workers and $8.71 for manufacturing workers generally.

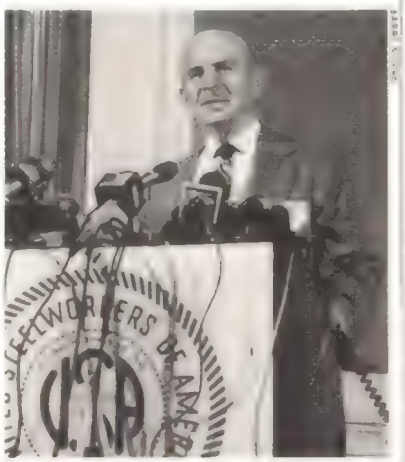
Last week, after a year in which the domestic makers lost $3.3 billion in their steelmaking operations, the industry's long-rising wage curve bent downward. The union and the major companies agreed to a new 41-month contract that temporarily cuts steelworkers' pay by 9%—about $1.25 off the basic hourly wage. The pact gives up other things too.

Sunday pay, for example, will drop from time and a half to time and a quarter. Steelworkers with ten years' seniority will forfeit the extra 13-week vacation they get every five years, and all workers will lose at least a week of vacation for one year. United Nations Day, barely celebrated by anyone, will disappear as one of the steelworkers' paid holidays, leaving ten a year.

The union, with 50% of its 260,000 active steelworker members at the big companies on layoff, seemed to have little choice but to give up something or face even more job losses in an increasingly hostile employment picture. The Labor Department reported last week that the civilian jobless rate in February stayed at the high January level of 10.4% of the work force.

The companies have been trying unsuccessfully for nine months to cut wages. In November management won an 11% pay reduction in talks with the union's leaders, but the presidents of the union locals subsequently voted down that cut. Last week's agreement was approved 169 to 63 by the local chiefs representing workers in the seven largest companies: U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, Jones & Laughlin, Republic, Armco, National and Inland.

Adding to the pressure on negotiators for both sides were big steel users, among them General Motors. It had threatened to begin ordering supplies this month from foreign makers if no contract was reached. Such an impasse would have left the industry vulnerable to a strike after Aug. 1, when the old contract was to have lapsed. Last week's deal supersedes that one, and it will run through July 1986. The reduction in hourly pay becomes effective immediately. But it will be restored in increments in 1984, 1985 and 1986. That did not appease everyone. Said Fran Rattigan, 46, a structural steelworker at U.S. Steel's giant Homestead works in Pennsylvania: "If we have to take a cut, everybody else should make concessions—doctors, lawyers, dentists, Congressmen, Senators, even Presidents."



Steelworkers Negotiator Joseph Odorcich

Glum heads of locals after they voted to approve the contract

"If we have to take a cut, everybody else should make concessions."

Paradoxically, the givebacks come just as things are looking a little brighter for the domestic industry. Orders for steel are picking up. For its part, U.S. Steel plans to fire up an idled blast furnace at its Edgar Thomson works in Pennsylvania, which has not made iron for more than a year. In February, steel production was running at 50.3% of capacity, a huge jump from December's low of 29.8%.

The union hoped to gain something from its sacrifices. In part, U.S.W. Vice President Joseph Odorcich negotiated the contract to send a message "to some of our detractors who have vilified us as not being concerned with the total problem."

Although substantial, the concessions fell short of cuts taken by other steelworkers. Last year Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel employees took cuts in wages and benefits amounting to $5.18 an hour, and those for Northwestern Steel in Illinois a reduction equal to $7.12 an hour. Both companies were forced to negotiate separately because they were on the verge of collapsing. Workers in other industries have also made concessions as the recession swept through smokestack America. In Detroit, workers at GM and Ford last year gave up a productivity raise, deferred some cost of living increases and forfeited 27 days of vacation over a three-year period.

The steelworkers' concessions should allow the companies to save about $2 billion over the life of the contract. One provision says savings should go toward reinvigorating existing steel plants and not be used "in other business segments of the company." Labor chiefs regard the clause as a victory. They believe that the steel industry's plight is the fault largely of management, noting that the companies have invested in oil and other nonsteel enterprises instead of spending money to upgrade American steelmaking facilities.

Industry analysts argued that the union had not given up nearly enough. Including salary and benefits, U.S. steelworkers still get $22.20 an hour, *vs.* $10.15 for their Japanese counterparts. Said Peter Marcus of Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins: "It wasn't such a great deal for the companies."

Robert Crandall, a steel watcher at the Brookings Institution in Washington, said the concessions might help make American steel more competitive, possibly lowering the producers' per-ton cost by $20 or so. That would be only a small dent in the price to users of finished steel, now about $500 a ton. But steel from Japan and elsewhere is far cheaper.

Other unions are likely to get the message in negotiations this year. Contracts that cover 3.6 million workers in the aluminum, construction, communications, aerospace and shipping industries either expire or become subject to reopening before the end of 1983. Concessions by the steelworkers might dictate prudence in other negotiations, but not much more. Givebacks will be tailored to the needs of individual industries, and may not come at all if the economy continues to improve.

—*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Sherley Uhl/Pittsburgh*

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FORD DIVISION

Bankers' Blitz

Tough talk on withholding

Few business groups can match the political muscle of the American Bankers Association, with 14,000 member banks and 80 million potential supporters in the form of depositors. Now the bankers and their allies are being accused of lobbying overkill, for practically burying Capitol Hill in mail

At issue is a law that requires banks and other financial institutions, beginning July 1, to withhold 10% of interest and dividend payments for tax purposes. (The first $150 of interest income is exempt; the poor and the elderly get special treatment.) Unexpectedly passed last year as part of President Reagan's $98.3 billion tax package, the measure has provoked intense reaction. Spurred on by the A.B.A., banks posted flyers and distributed hundreds of thousands of postcards and letters to customers urging repeal Sample slogan: "The Government will be picking the taxpayers' pockets."

The avalanche of mail followed. The Senate Finance Committee alone is getting 100,000 pieces a month. Says House Democrat Jim Shannon, a member of the Ways and Means Committee: "I can't think of an issue where the volume of mail was so great, or the misinformation so outrageous. It's crazy." Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, who is in the uncomfortable position of having opposed withholding when he was chairman of Merrill Lynch, was booed lustily last month for defending it at a Washington meeting of the Credit Union National Association.

Now the bankers' blitz is stirring a backlash. Senator Bob Dole, a central target of the lobbying effort for his role in the passage of the tax bill, has turned on his tormentors with particular vigor. At a meeting of the A.B.A. last month, he accused it of waging an "unscrupulous" campaign with lobbying tactics that had reached "a historic low." Both Dole and Regan have publicly suggested that banks already pay less than their fair share of taxes. A congressional report last year said that in 1981, commercial banks paid only 2.3% of their profits in federal income taxes. BankAmerica Corp., for example, the second largest bank holding company, paid no federal income taxes for 1981. This week Dole will hold a hearing on "The Special Tax Preferences Enjoyed by Financial Institutions."

The Administration insists that it needs the withholding because carelessness and cheating rob the Government of 11% to 15% of taxes owed on interest and dividends. The Treasury believes the new rules will bring in an additional $5.8 billion during the first year.

The banks claim that withholding will cost them millions of dollars in bookkeeping costs. New York's Manufacturers Hanover, for instance, figures the initial expense at $3 million. Smaller banks, which have fought the hardest for repeal, say their cost per account would be higher because they have fewer depositors to share the expenses. Bankers contend that only a fraction of the outlay can be recovered on the "float," the interest banks can collect on withheld funds before the money is passed along.

More questionable is the banks' insistence that their customers will be deprived of large amounts of interest on money that is withheld, since those funds would otherwise be earning interest Treasury calculates that a $1,000 account yielding 9% would lose only 4¢ a month in interest on interest if 10% were periodically socked away for taxes

The Government made a conciliatory gesture last week by permitting taxes to be withheld annually on money-market and Super Now accounts, instead of monthly or quarterly. But banking and thrift-industry lobbyists have already induced some 360 members of Congress—a clear majority in both houses—to cosponsor legislation to repeal the withholding measure. The smart money, however, is betting that Dole and other congressional leaders will bottle up repeal and keep it from coming to a vote. ■

Voter's choice: the preppy look...

no-nonsense running suits...

or suburban cowboy outfits?

Going for the Gold

Blue-Jeans Giant Levi Strauss & Co. hoped to cap a decade of surging profits in 1980 by clothing the U.S. Olympic team for the Moscow Games. Not only did the American team pull out of the competition but the denim fad deflated at about the same time. The company's profits fell 43% in two years, to $126.6 million in 1982. Undeterred, Levi Strauss has won the job again and will be outfitting U.S. participants for their ceremonial appearances at the 1984 Los Angeles Games. The company will also provide uniforms for the staff and employees. All told, Levi will be dressing 18,000 people, at an estimated cost of $7 million.

Exactly what the athletes will wear in the opening parade will be settled by ballot. This summer millions of shoppers will be asked to choose among the three costumes shown above: a preppie ensemble, a running suit and a Western getup. To encourage participation, voters will be eligible for $165,000 in sweepstakes prizes.

If all this sounds like a lot of money, F. Don Miller, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, points out that corporate Olympic contributions are "a great American tradition." Levi Strauss hopes to rekindle an old tradition of its own: growth. With a boost from pre-Olympics publicity, it is expected to show a hefty gain in profits this year.

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How to Make a Cool Half-Billion

Entrepreneurs with high-tech companies are cleaning up

The stock-market surge that has been making investors steadily richer since last August is also producing a crop of instant multimillionaires: owners of companies that are selling their first shares to the public. The "new issue" boom is being fueled by rising demand from investors for high-technology stocks. According to Roger Lopata, editor of the trade journal *Going Public*, the cash raised this quarter alone by companies making their public debut could top the total of $1.45 billion for all of last year.

Since there is no public market for these stocks until the offering, the entrepreneurs behind the ventures have no accurate yardstick for measuring what they, or their companies, are worth. Finding out is likely to be a pleasant experience for K. Philip Hwang, 46, chairman of TeleVideo Systems Inc., and Allen Paulson, 60, chairman of Gulfstream Aerospace Corp. Their companies are among the 145 now in registration with the Securities and Exchange Commission for first-time offerings. Preliminary prospectuses show that, at the prices anticipated by the underwriters, Hwang and Paulson will soon be worth about half a billion dollars each, at least on paper.

TeleVideo's founder, K. Philip Hwang

Allen Paulson of Gulfstream

Just 15 years ago, Hwang was sweeping floors at a Lake Tahoe casino to make ends meet while earning his engineering degree. A native of North Korea who fled to the south during the Korean War, Hwang served in the South Korean army before coming to the U.S. In 1976, when he started TeleVideo in his northern California garage, he had trouble finding backers. Some friends chipped in enough to keep him going after he won a small contract to supply Atari with video monitors for its electronic games.

Today TeleVideo, based in Sunnyvale, Calif., is the world's leading independent supplier of the ubiquitous video display terminals (VDTs) used for both games and computers, with 9% of the market. Moreover, TeleVideo's VDT sales have already been overshadowed by those of the company's popular small business computers (some 20,000 sold in 1982). Total company sales last year were $98.5 million, up from $1.8 million in 1978. When TeleVideo goes public, perhaps this week, its investment bankers think the stock can be sold for $16 to $18. At $18, the 700,000 shares Hwang plans to sell will bring him $12.6 million, and his remaining 28.2 million shares will be worth $507.8 million.

A few weeks after TeleVideo goes public, Gulfstream Aerospace is expected to follow. Paulson, a former airline mechanic who once sold secondhand airplanes, set up a company in 1976 that two years later bought Grumman American Aviation Corp., maker of the Gulfstream line of corporate aircraft. Its principal product, the 19-passenger Gulfstream III fan-jet aircraft, costs upwards of $10.5 million and, according to the offering prospectus, boasts the longest range and fastest cruising speed of any business aircraft. In 1982 the Savannah-based company's sales rose by 33%, to $575.5 million, and profits more than tripled, to $43 million.

Last week Paulson awarded Rolls-Royce, Ltd., a $300 million contract to make jet engines for the new Gulfstream IV aircraft. He expects to sell 300 of the planes, which will be faster and quieter than Gulfstream IIIs, in the next ten years. Shearson/American Express, which will handle the public offering, believes the stock will bring $17 to $20. At $20, Paulson's stake of 28.9 million shares would be worth $578.7 million. Paulson plans to pocket $65.6 million by selling 3.3 million of his own shares in the offering.

Many of the latest initial offerings are huge by historical standards: 6.3 million shares of TeleVideo are expected to raise $112 million, and the 7 million Gulfstream shares, $140 million. No one has compiled rankings over the years, but these debuts doubtless number among the top ten of all time if financial entities like mutual funds are excluded *(see table)*.

The response to new issues has pumped up prices so much that some Wall Street experts are predicting that the bubble will burst, as it did after the speculative boom of the late '60s. There are some haunting signals that the buying is indiscriminate. After Diasonics, No. 4 on the table, went public two weeks ago, the *Wall Street Journal* interviewed a buyer of the stock, who admitted, "I wouldn't know a Diasonics if it hit me on the head." (Diasonics makes ultrasound imaging systems, advanced diagnostic equipment.) Says Leon Cooperman, a partner at Goldman, Sachs & Co.: "While shares on the stock market sell for nine times earnings, some of the initial public offerings are going at almost nine times revenues." Shares of TeleVideo at $18 would be 47 times 1982 earnings and those of Gulfstream at $20 have a multiple of 14.

If a drop in prices is almost inevitable for some of the hot new stocks, it is also a good bet that among the new public companies will be some memorable success stories. To Sanford Robertson of Robertson, Colman & Stephens, a San Francisco securities firm, investors' current fascination with high-technology stocks makes sense. Says he: "I think the decade of the '80s is going to be one of tremendous growth. Investors do not want to own smokestack America any more. They want to own companies in which the U.S. has an edge on the rest of the world." —***By Janice Castro. Reported by Bob Buderi/San Francisco and Mary Ann French/New York***

GOING PUBLIC IN A BIG WAY

The ten following initial offerings are believed to be the largest ever made by operating corporations*

Corporation (date of issue)	Main business	Amount raised in millions
Ford Motor Jan. 18, 1956	Automobiles	**$657.9**
Hughes Tool Dec. 7, 1972	Oil field equipment	**146.3**
Adolph Coors June 10, 1975	Beer	**127.1**
Diasonics Feb. 23, 1983	Diagnostic equipment	**122.9**
Cetus March 16, 1981	Genetic engineering	**120.2**
Merrill Lynch June 23, 1971	Securities	**112.0**
Fortune Systems March 4, 1983	Personal computers	**110.0**
Upjohn Dec. 11, 1958	Pharmaceuticals	**108.0**
Omnicare July 16, 1981	Health-care services	**102.0**
Apple Computer Dec. 12, 1980	Personal computers	**101.2**

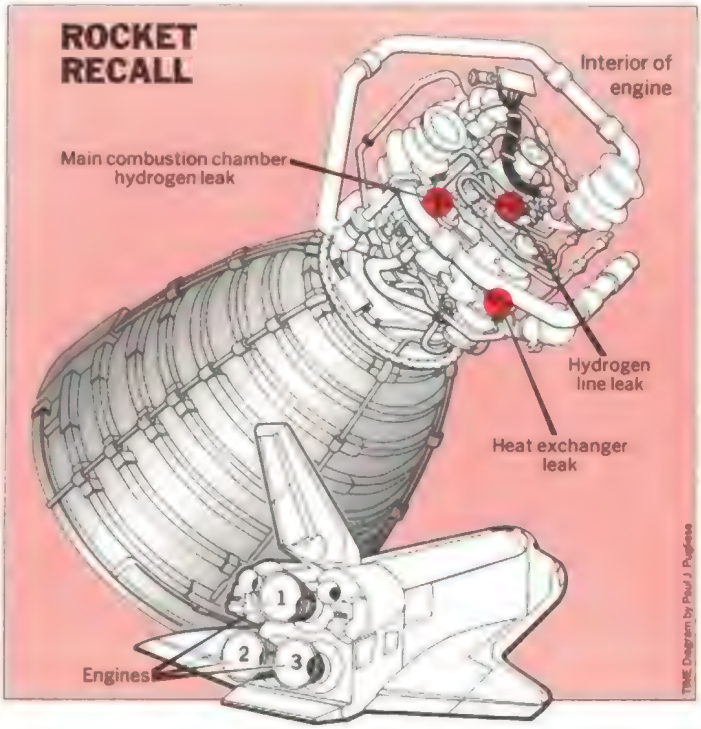
Sources include *Going Public: The I.P.O. Reporter* and Securities Data Co. *Excludes investment funds.

A New Setback for the Shuttle

Design flaw in Challenger's *engines forces another launch delay*

Ever since last November, the new space shuttle *Challenger* has been perched proudly on its Florida pad, pointing skyward like an anxious eagle. Last week NASA officials gloomily conceded that their $1 billion bird may have to sit in its nest a while longer. The latest delay involves the most serious problem yet encountered with the troubled *Challenger*: a basic defect in design that requires overhauling all three of the main engines. Unless the flaw can be quickly corrected, the problem could create a horrendous backup of civilian and military satellites waiting to be carried aloft and add millions of dollars to the cost of the shuttle program.

Ironically, the defect stems, at least in part, from NASA's own supercaution. To improve performance, *Challenger's* engines were built to operate at 9% greater thrust than those of the first orbiter, *Columbia*, when the throttle is fully opened. Realizing that this extra power would vibrate the spacecraft more violently, NASA engineers at the Marshall Space Flight Center made a design change. They ordered reinforcement of the metal piping that carries hot, gaseous hydrogen fuel into the small chamber where the engines are first fired up and begin revving to their full 480,000 lbs. of thrust.



The modification took the form of a sleeve that was brazed, or soldered, around the pipes. Presumably, the added metal would have protected the fuel lines from chafing against other parts inside the crowded engine. After the brazing, however, the pipes became so rigid that they developed hairline cracks during test firings, allowing the highly combustible fuel to escape. Such leaks during a flight could cause a calamitous flash fire.

In testimony before a congressional subcommittee on science and technology last week, Air Force Lieut. General James A. Abrahamson, NASA's associate administrator and boss of the shuttle program, said that discovery of the defect was a tribute to the space agency's quest for safety. He might have added that it was also because of an odd bit of luck. In late January, only days before *Challenger's* originally scheduled lift-off, NASA inspectors discovered that hydrogen was leaking from the No. 1 engine.

The seepage was traced to a ¼-in.-long crack in the engine's manifold, where hydrogen and oxygen come together under extremely high temperatures and pressures. That crack was the result of an inadequately hardened weld ordered up to repair some damage sustained during manufacture. But when the No. 1 engine was removed, its replacement also showed signs of leakage. This time oxygen was pouring out of a heat exchanger, a situation that might have triggered an explosion and fire.

Alarmed NASA technicians then investigated *Challenger's* other engines. On Feb. 25 they found a hydrogen leak in the No. 2 engine. A day or so later, the same kind of leak turned up in the No. 3 engine. Faced with this mounting crisis on the eve of a launch, Abrahamson rushed out to the pad, clambered up the launch tower and personally inspected the inner plumbing of the engines. It became clear that NASA's original fix had only exacerbated the problem: instead of preventing chafing during the vibrations at full power, the brazing and extra sleeves had made the fuel lines so stiff that they cracked during test firings.

Neither NASA nor Rocketdyne, the Rockwell International subsidiary that makes the shuttle engines, could yet explain how these hairline cracks had escaped notice during inspections in the manufacture, testing and installation of the engines. Said one NASA engineer: "After that sleeve was brazed on, somebody should have studied the metallurgy, stresses and embrittlement, fatigue and all that. But apparently they didn't." Now only one course seems possible: all three boosters are being removed and repaired.

The work involves the surgically precise removal and replacement of the 10-in.-long reinforced sections, using computerized welding rather than brazing to make the tubing more pliable. But *Challenger's* engines will probably not be permitted to run at full power until the problem is more thoroughly understood. The extra kick, however, will not be needed until 1985, when shuttles begin taking off with purely military cargoes from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. Because this launch site is farther north than Cape Canaveral, spacecraft get less of a boost from the earth's rotation (whose velocity is highest at the equator) and thus need more power on lift-off.

If the fixes can be made quickly at the Kennedy Space Center, *Challenger* may be able to take off on its maiden voyage by late March or early April, two months behind schedule. The delays have already cost more than $3 million. And the tab could climb still higher. At week's end technicians found that a lashing rainstorm had left deposits of fine grit, possibly beach sand or salt crystals, inside the payload bay. This could mean an expensive, time-consuming cleanup.

Challenger's cargo is a revolutionary new satellite called TDRS (for tracking and data-relay satellite). It will open up communications with spacecraft beyond the range of ground stations. Additional delays would play havoc with NASA's timetable, postponing the placing in orbit of as many as 30 other satellites. Rescheduling would also stall the launch of Spacelab, Western Europe's contribution to the shuttle program, now listed for a September flight on *Challenger*. Says one irreverent NASA official: "Abrahamson is praying, 'Engines, heal thyself.' "

—*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington*

Rarely Safe, Very Rarely Sorry

Safire irks liberals, surprises conservatives and pleases himself

Consternation and even outrage from his new colleagues greeted William Safire when he joined the New York *Times* as a columnist in 1973. Safire was triply suspect: he had come directly from White House speechwriting for Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, for whom he had coined press-baiting phrases like "nattering nabobs of negativism"; he was an aggressively conservative Republican at the generally liberal *Times;* and he was a writer scarcely versed in journalism who for nearly two decades had been pursuing careers in television production and public relations. Recalls Executive Editor A.M Rosenthal: "Almost everybody on the paper and all the journalists outside were sneering."

Now, as Safire, 53, nears his tenth anniversary at the *Times* in April, his twice-weekly "Essay" on politics, distributed to more than 500 daily newspapers, is considered virtually required reading in the inner circles of Government and journalism. Says one admiring rival, Robert Novak, co-author with Rowland Evans of one of the nation's best-known columns: "Safire is the most readable columnist in Washington and the one I can least afford to miss."

In the tightrope-walking act of writing a column, Safire has the indispensable gifts of balance and timing. He can manage to be topical without sounding like every other pundit; he can venture into quirky subjects without seeming irrelevant. He knows how to provoke readers enough that they keep reading, but not so much that they angrily turn the page. He is a master of both puckish wit and ear-splitting indignation, yet on matters of moral consequence he can write with majestically measured restraint. He boasts of having taken the scalps of Cabinet members, congressional leaders and diplomats, yet he is quicker to offer a correction, or to let a target answer back, than almost any other eminent columnist.

Safire is widely acclaimed as a stylist. Indeed, his weekly columns on language in the Sunday *Times* Magazine and more than 100 other newspapers evoke more mail, much of it combative, than his weekday political "Essay." Says Safire: "When people notice I have made an error, their eyes light up." Enamored of puns, literary allusions, grand metaphors and other wordplay, Safire at his giddiest can let his love of sound undermine his efforts to make sense. An example: "Thus one who lobbies expertly for the rights of female derelicts might be called a shopping-bag-lady knifethrower." He is usually most effective when simplest, writing blunt, mock-macho prose. Recounting in January the confession of a former Communist "mole," American Aristocrat Michael Straight, Safire cracked, "How delicious it must have been for a Red under the bed to deride Joe McCarthy for looking for Reds under the bed." In a column labeled "The Midterm Crisis," Safire counseled: "Mr. Reagan must dispense with his I-am-not-a-shnook defensiveness."

MEDFORD TAYLOR

Working the phone: dogged Reporter Safire at his Washington office

"I try to write not for the history books but for that morning's paper."

Safire is probably the most well-rounded of the nation's conservative columnists. Unlike Patrician William F. Buckley, Safire has the common touch. Unlike the relentlessly self-righteous James J Kilpatrick, Safire has a playful sense of humor, even about issues of state. Unlike Patrick Buchanan, who appears to approach every subject in a preconceived rage, Safire seems open-minded. Indeed, he says, "I enjoy going against the grain." As a result, he has won the respect of some leading Democrats. Even Carter Administration Budget Director Bert Lance, whose questionable financial dealings were savaged in columns that won Safire the Pulitzer Prize for commentary in 1978, now says: "As long as he writes about someone else, I consider him the best."

Largely self-taught yet diversely accomplished, Safire dropped out of Syracuse University after his sophomore year in 1949 to become a reporter for the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, then shifted to news and other producing for radio and TV. Next came a dozen years in public relations, with occasional forays into politics. One notable triumph: contriving to have Vice President Nixon conduct his 1959 "kitchen debate" with Soviet Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev at a model-home exhibit that had been set up in Moscow by a Safire client. More recently, apart from his *Times* column, Safire has tried his hand at fiction (the 1977 bestseller *Full Disclosure)* and nonfiction (1978's *Safire's Political Dictionary* and 1982's *Good Advice*, a compilation of aphorisms, co-edited by his brother Leonard Safir).

Safire, a native New Yorker, his British-born wife Helene and their son Mark, 18, and daughter Annabel, 17, have been based in Washington since he joined Nixon's staff in 1969. They occupy a two-story Georgian house in suburban Chevy Chase, Md.; the children have attended public and private schools. Safire does most of his writing at his congenially cluttered *Times* office. Though he often transgresses the expense-account mores of Washington at lunch, bolting a hot dog and a frozen yogurt, he and Helene attend one or more dinner parties a week, mingling with such non-right-wing friends as veteran Correspondents Daniel Schorr, Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb and AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland.

At the *Times*, Safire is admired as a thorough reporter. Admits Rosenthal: "He is often ahead of the news departments on stories." Yet Safire occasionally nettles colleagues by getting too far ahead, treating opinion as proven fact. For example, in three columns in December he endorsed as all-but-certain truth the unverified suspicion that the KGB may have directed the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II in May 1981.

To the annoyance of fellow conservatives, Safire is equally freewheeling in attacking the competence and judgment of members of the Reagan Administration whenever he happens to disagree with them. He has upbraided Presidential Pollster Richard Wirthlin for accepting a polling contract from Americans who sympathize with the Palestine Liberation Organization and scoffed at National Security Adviser William Clark as "living proof that still waters can run shallow." Safire has repeatedly criticized the Administration as acquiescent on foreign policy, particularly for its pledge to withdraw military support from Taiwan and its lifting of sanctions against construction of a natural gas pipeline from the Soviet Union

to supply Western Europe. Says he: "I am a hard-liner and a hawk. When Reagan caves in, I berate him."

Almost alone among conservative columnists, moreover, he has refused to utter the ritual invocation that any departure by Reagan from right-wing dogma must be a result of his having been misled by aides. Repeatedly, Safire has been willing to put the onus for policy shifts squarely on the President. In January he wrote of what he regarded as Reagan's waffling in the State of the Union address: "He chose to be somebody else, or everybody else."

Safire views Reagan with personal affection and predicts eventual success for the President's economic programs. But with a reasoning that is heretical by conservative standards, he forecasts that prosperity will make Reagan retire rather than run again. Says Safire: "I think he will choose to go out a winner." If Reagan does stand down, Safire will look for the most conservative candidate that he believes has a chance to win. He adds: "At this stage, I kind of like Jack Kemp."

Safire has two seemingly all-but-blind loyalties. One is to Israel, for which he admits to being an unyielding apologist, though he called for the resignation of Defense Minister Ariel Sharon within days of the September 1982 massacre of Palestinians in Israeli-supervised camps in Beirut. The other devotion is to his Nixon White House colleagues, on whose behalf he has unabashedly likened Watergate to comparatively trivial scandals that he rechristened Lancegate, Billygate, Franklingate, Rheingate and even, in a term that some might use to describe his own rhetoric once in a while, Doublebillingsgate.

Occasionally Safire is guilty of a more serious offense, in the view of the *Times*. Says Editor Rosenthal: "Sometimes he goes too far on innuendo, even for a columnist." For example, on very scant evidence, Safire has unfairly suggested that Senator John Glenn is anti-Israel. He couples such impetuousness with a merry disregard for consistency. He quotes with self-satisfaction a line from Walt Whitman's *Song of Myself*: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself."

But arousing emotions, even at the expense of making incautious judgments, is Safire's deliberate goal. Says he: "I try to write not for the history books but for that morning's paper. If I am angry or moved, why not let it show?" That un-*Times*-like approach brings him perhaps $100,000 a year from the columns and twice that from books and public appearances (minimum speech fee: $12,000). Exuberant in his success and in a freedom of opinion enjoyed by few journalists and fewer presidential aides, Safire says he feels no envy toward fellow conservatives now ensconced in White House executive suites, no yearning to return to the political fray. He asserts, with characteristic zest: "High office would be a step down." —*By William A. Henry III. Reported by David S. Jackson/Washington and Jack E. White/New York*

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Winging It on Television

The press can get squeakily self-conscious when the subject is the press itself. On ABC's *This Week with David Brinkley* recently, the host noted that "the White House has been accusing us and others like us of prolonging the recession and impeding the recovery by constantly reporting bad news of rising unemployment. Are we guilty of that?" Condensed somewhat—to avoid windiness and repetition—here is how his panelists answered:

George F. Will: The problem with television, not that it really has any, is that it's a slave to a camera, a peculiar newsgathering instrument. It has severe time constraints—22 minutes in a newscast—and therefore is more apt to focus on vivid sights such as economic casualties and not economic complexities.

Hodding Carter: The indictment of television is absolutely valid . . .

David Brinkley: Well, wait a minute. What do you mean? That we are guilty of prolonging the recession?

Carter: No. That the way we approach news is almost automatically built around what has to be called the vivid, the impactful and, usually, the bad news.

Sam Donaldson: That's not an indictment.

Brinkley: I don't think it's even true.

Carter: Let me finish it. It is also one of the conceits of this business that we have more impact than we really do. The idea that television is out there influencing this massive economic machine, which is the U.S. economy, let alone the intermix of the world economy, is ridiculous.

Brinkley: Are we guilty?

Donaldson: My job is not to say here's the church social with the apple pie, isn't it beautiful? Here are things that are going right. Not my job to tell anyone what to do about [problems] . . .

Carter: Straw man. Straw man.

Donaldson: The President's job is to solve those problems.

Will: That's right, but one way of solving them is to communicate a hopeful message, and so he goes to St. Louis to a plant that's going to hire 3,000 new people in order to get this message across. The White House gets upset because, clearly, when you call attention to motives, you sort of drain the effectiveness from the theater they're putting on.

Brinkley (summing up): "Well, we might say to the White House, 'Fine, thanks very much, we've heard it before.' "

As an English critic says, television talk is meant to be seen and not heard. On the Brinkley show, which is the best of its kind, the panelists are well-informed, articulate sometimes to the point of glibness, assured sometimes to the point of effrontery. When put into print, their shooting from the lip often seems less than profound, but on television who worries?

A kind of two-tiered journalism now exists: television and then everything else. No one appreciates this more than Ronald Reagan. It suits him that television is as preoccupied with creating impressions as it is with passing on information. Before his State of the Union address, Reagan briefed the three networks' top anchormen at lunch. Such favoritism angered the excluded print journalists. Still, Reagan is not the first President to hold private sessions for editors, columnists and others considered influential. At the anchormen's lunch, Reagan was at such ease that he confided, "After all the years in the other industry, I've been surprised that I could still get puckered up," going in to address Congress

Last week he urged the networks to devote a week to "good" news, "then, if the ratings go down, they can go back to the bad news." CBS News Anchorman Dan Rather called this "a discredited technique," to blame "the people who call attention to the problems." NBC commented: "We'll cover the news and let him run the country." Reagan rarely bothers about what is said in print. His preference for TV extends to hastily called mini-news conferences. Speaking extemporaneously, he frequently misstates facts, but only meticulous newspaper readers will ponder the later corrections.

Yet why shouldn't a President use whatever means work best for him? In doing so, the President may score a few unearned victories. But as the polls indicate, the public in time makes up its own mind from realities as well as talk. That seems to be what is bothering the President.

Battle in the Scholarly World

An anthropologist fights Stanford over a code of ethics

His brilliance is unquestioned, and so is his ability as a researcher. But late last month, Steven Mosher, 34, a candidate for a doctorate in anthropology at Stanford University, was expelled by his department without public explanation. Although the reasons why Mosher was so sternly punished remained murky, his case was being hotly debated last week by academics since it raised questions about the ethical standards and political difficulties of anthropological research.

Mosher, who speaks fluent Cantonese, won a coveted research grant to go to China in 1979 to study a community. The Chinese allowed him the unusual opportunity of choosing where to do his field work. He picked the Starwood Brigade, the ancestral village of his Hong Kong-born wife Maggie So, from whom he is now divorced. Officials even traveled from Peking to tell Brigade leaders to cooperate with Mosher. During the course of his nine-month stay, Mosher put together the most detailed firsthand account of village life in contemporary China by a Western scholar.

He also became emotionally involved in the life of his villagers. Outraged to see women who were seven, eight, and even nine months pregnant forced to undergo abortions, he protested to then Vice Premier Chen Muhua, head of the national birth control program. Chinese officials were soon complaining to visiting American scholars that Mosher was abusing his status as a researcher. At various times the Chinese accused Mosher of traveling in forbidden areas, trying to smuggle old coins out of the country, bribing villagers to gain information and bringing in an unauthorized female companion from Hong Kong. Mosher has denied all those charges.

Mosher left China for Taiwan in June 1980, and in May 1981 took a step that angered Peking and appalled many anthropologists as well: he published an article in the *Times Weekly* magazine in Taipei that described the mandatory birth control program in Chinese villages. The article was illustrated with photographs of women in advanced states of pregnancy who were about to have abortions. Peking saw the article as anti-Chinese propaganda. Zhao Fusan, a top official of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences, warned Kenneth Prewitt, president of the Social Science Research Council, that if Mosher were not disciplined, there could be "negative consequences" for scholarly exchanges. In February 1982, Fusan asked Stanford to "deal with this matter sternly."

The university set up a fact-finding committee that looked into all the accusations against Mosher, including those by his ex-wife, who independently charged that he had acted unethically. After hearing Mosher's side of the case, twelve members of the anthropology department voted unanimously to expel him for "behavior inappropriate for an anthropologist." Mosher, who plans to appeal the decision to the Stanford administration and may take the case to court, insists: "I was expelled because Stanford chose to believe the charges brought against me by the Chinese and chose to believe that by publishing articles and photographs in Taiwan that I gravely endangered innocent villagers."

Mosher photograph of a birth control unit

Cheap journalism or serious study?

Stanford's anthropology chairman, Clifford Barnett, will not discuss the specific causes of dismissal, but says that the Taiwan article was "not the issue." A number of leading scholars familiar with the Stanford investigation agree that the article was not the cause of the expulsion. Says Charles Townes, chairman of the Committee on Scholarly Communication with the People's Republic of China: "The problem is not one of freedom of speech. It's one of unprofessional behavior."

Mosher now admits that he was foolish to have published the article. Many leading U.S. anthropologists believe that it violated the profession's code of ethics by failing to disguise the women pictured and to protect their privacy. In addition, officials who allowed Mosher to take the photographs were exposed to possible punishment by higher authorities. Says Prewitt: "What Mosher discovered is an important contribution to anthropology. How he reported it is a tragedy for the field."

Steven Mosher

Prewitt and many other experts, including Stanford's Barnett, agree that Mosher had a right to publish his research. The usual practice, however, is to write an article for a professional journal. Mosher eventually did that, contributing a report, without pictures, to the scholarly *Asian Survey* journal. A book, titled *Broken Earth: The Rural Chinese*, will be published by Macmillan in the fall. Says Mosher: "I have an obligation to the Chinese whose lives I shared to document the reality of village life under Communism."

Anthropologists admit that some scholars might not print anything at all about so controversial a subject. Field research in some totalitarian countries, says Columbia University's Thomas Bernstein, demands "a great deal of tact and sensitivity." He concedes: "If I knew that my publication of some material would cause my colleagues to be barred from China, I would think really hard." Some U.S. scholars working in India and Pakistan are careful not to offend their host governments for fear of being expelled. Americans who work as exchange scholars in the Soviet Union can afford to be a bit more aggressive because the Soviets want permission for their researchers to operate in the U.S.

In the past two years, the Chinese government has sharply restricted access by U.S. scholars. The program that sent Mosher to China now has only four humanists and social scientists working in the country, in contrast to the 50 or so Mosher recalls from his day. No one is allowed to study villages, where about 75% of all Chinese live. But American scholars do not blame Mosher for the crackdown. Says Norma Diamond, an anthropologist at the University of Michigan: "The kind of extensive social investigation that anthropologists require has never been understood or welcome in China." Many believe that the Chinese were just looking for an excuse to turn away foreigners. Says Harvard Professor Merle Goldman, a member of the committee that gave Mosher his funding: "I don't think Mosher was wholly responsible as an academic. He played right into their hands." —*By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Ross H. Munro/Washington and Donald Shapiro/Taipei*

On the Spot

Gardner will head Cal

"Well, Dad, I guess you're going to be a lameduck in Utah and a sitting duck in California," quipped Lisa Gardner, 16, when she heard about her father's appointment last week. On July 1, after a decade as the University of Utah's popular president, David Pierpont Gardner, 49, takes on what is probably the nation's most challenging job in education. He will become the 15th president of the nine-campus, 139,176-student University of California, the finest public university system in the U.S., and one, as Gardner says, "where all the forces blowing through society come to bear."

When he replaces David S. Saxon, who is leaving California to become chairman of the governing board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Gardner will face some pressing problems: a 2% cut of $23 million in state aid this year, to $1.13 billion; lagging faculty salaries (16.5% below the average at such other prestigious institutions as Harvard and Michigan); the need to find $4 billion during the next decade to modernize the university's science and technology departments. Gardner will also have to handle pressure to increase the proportion of women on the faculty (currently 11.6%) and minorities in the student body (5.6%). He will have to decide whether to side with liberals on the faculty and in the student body and relinquish university control of the Los Alamos and Livermore atomic-weapons laboratories.

New President Gardner

Gardner knows full well what he is getting into. Says Michael Heyman, chancellor of the university's Berkeley campus: "I tend to think of this as someone coming back into the family." In all, Gardner has spent a dozen years in the California system, first as a student earning his M.A. in political science and doctorate in higher education at Berkeley, then as a skilled, tactful administrator. As Santa Barbara's vice chancellor during the riot-torn late '60s and early '70s, he worked effectively as liaison between the university administration, the Governor, the students and local police.

In 1973, Gardner was appointed president of the University of Utah. Gardner, who is a Mormon, was able to ease the rivalry between Mormons and non-Mormons over key appointments to the university. He named deans and other officials without any regard to their religions. By 1981, he had led an expansion drive that raised the budget from $102 million to $264 million, and by 1982 the number of students had increased from 19,000 to 24,365. Utah's math and biology departments were rated "the most improved" during the past five years by the Conference Board of Associated Research Councils, composed of a number of learned societies. Barney Clark received his artificial heart at Utah's medical school.

In August 1981, the White House chose Gardner to head the President's National Commission on Excellence in Education, an 18-member, blue-ribbon group that is studying ways of bolstering the nation's educational system. The commission's final report is due next month. "It will be hard-hitting," Gardner promises.

During his years at Utah, Gardner, with his wife Elizabeth, a graduate of the University of California (San Francisco), and their four daughters, ages 13 to 22, got away as often as he could to a cabin that has no telephone, located on an island in a Montana lake. Gardner acknowledges that he was "comfortable" at Utah and that, at 49, he was perhaps too young to have that feeling. After considering the offer for 24 hours, he agreed to go to California and a life, as his daughter Lisa knows, that is bound to be a good deal less relaxing. ■

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Feeling Much Better, Thank You

But plastic heart recipient Barney Clark still faces problems

The patient was weak, exhausted, his face looking almost pained when it flashed onto the television screen, and his comments were haltingly slow. But it was not the mechanical heart that troubled Barney Clark as he gave his first public interview since his historic operation on Dec. 1. "The heart has pumped right along. It doesn't bother me at all," he told his surgeon, Dr. William DeVries, who conducted the session on videotape at the University of Utah Medical Center. Instead, it was his lungs, permanently damaged by years of poor circulation, that kept Clark rasping throughout the 2½-minute conversation. The obvious strain on the former Seattle dentist raised one question, but Clark had no doubt about the answer: "It *is* worth it." He said he would advise other artificial-heart candidates to go ahead with the procedure, "if the alternative is they either die or have it done." He added, "All in all, it has been a pleasure to be able to help people."

Clark, however, was not always so sure that the pleasure he felt in making a contribution to medicine outweighed his pain. "There were times when he wanted to die," DeVries admitted to reporters. Questions about Clark's mental state were answered definitively for the first time last week by Dr. Claudia Berenson, a psychiatrist who served on the hospital panel that selected Clark as the first artificial-heart recipient and who has been following his case ever since.

Clark had suffered seizures one week after the heart was implanted and lapsed into what Berenson termed "acute brain syndrome," characterized by "delirium, decreased alertness, severe memory loss and confusion." The condition, she believed, was organic rather than emotional, perhaps brought on by the sudden increase in blood supply to a brain "that had become used to low cardiac output." When questioned, Clark would "look perplexed," Berenson said. "Sometimes he would not know he had had surgery or what it was for." Clark often appeared too discouraged to try to speak, but at times he was lucid enough to be painfully aware of his condition. "My mind is shot," he told Berenson more than once.

Then late last month there was a sudden turnaround. Returning from a brief business trip, Berenson met Clark's wife Una Loy in the hospital corridor and was told, "Barney is great. He is a totally different person." Berenson quickly confirmed this for herself. "He started talking to me like I was a psychiatrist. It was a 20-minute monologue." Now, she said, Clark is "lucid and rational. He wants to participate in his recovery."

Toward this end, Clark is eating a varied diet and gradually increasing his activity. His meals include bacon and eggs, potatoes and gravy, vegetables and lemon pie, quite a change since January, when he was forbidden to taste the heart-shaped chocolate cake that was baked for his 62nd birthday. Clark, who had been a 6-handicap golfer, avidly follows sports on TV and enjoys reading the letters that have arrived by the thousands. He was particularly pleased when a Seattle hospital named a coronary wing after him. "Just think," he said dryly, "I didn't have to die to get it."

With help from Therapist John Durkin, Clark begins to rebuild his strength by pedaling a specially rigged bicycle and using a hand-grip device

Taking halting steps toward recovery

There were times when he wanted to die.

Twice a day, Clark takes cautious steps with a walker and pumps a modified exercise bicycle. As he becomes more active, he should be able to cough more and thus clear his lungs. Still, he will probably always need to be near an oxygen supply. His longstanding kidney problems, on the other hand, have cleared up, and he is no longer bothered by nosebleeds.

Should he continue to make progress, Clark will be able to leave the hospital within "the next month or so," according to DeVries. He did suffer a pulmonary infection late last week, which doctors felt he would weather. Una Loy has already found two suitable houses within a mile of the hospital. In the meantime, the Utah team is eager to find a second candidate for the heart, preferably one who is not, as Clark was, near death when the operation begins. But no matter what his condition, Clark's successor will have a certain advantage. For as Clark said with satisfaction to DeVries last week, "You folks have learned something." —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles*

Pass the Eclairs, Please

New weight charts are lenient—too much so, say some doctors

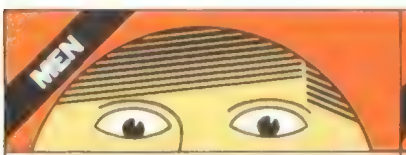
Dieters ate their desserts with a little less guilt last week. Thanks to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., women who are 5 ft. 2 in. and tip the scales at 140 could consider their weights to be right on target, as could 180-lb. men who measure 5 ft. 10 in. For the first time since 1959, the giant insurance company revised its widely used height-weight guidelines, moving them upward by as much as ten to 15 lbs. in the case of short men and women. The news brought sighs of relief from gourmands but cries of alarm from some doctors, who fear that overweight Americans will worry less about trimming down.

The charts are based on data from 4.2 million people who were tracked by 25 insurance companies for more than two decades. Statisticians correlated weight to longevity, taking into account body frame size. (This is determined by bending an arm at a right angle and measuring the distance between the two bones protruding on either side of the elbow; a 5-ft. 10-in. man with a 2¾- to 3-in. span is considered to have a medium frame.) The results of the study, says Dr. Paul Entmacher, chief medical director for the company, show "weights at which people live the longest. Only in that sense are they ideal or desirable."

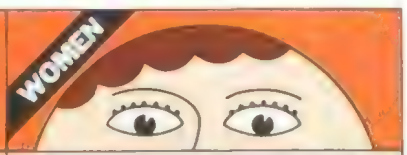
Yet a number of medical authorities feel that the new figures are in no way desirable. The American Heart Association last week issued a statement urging people to stick with the more rigorous 1959 guidelines. "The more you weigh, the more heart attack, heart failure and even stroke in some groups," said Dr. William Castelli, medical director of the well-known major study of heart disease under way in Framingham, Mass. "The fact that fatter people are living longer may merely reflect the growing success of medical intervention in weight-related ailments," said Dr. Virgil Brown, chairman of the A.H.A. nutrition committee.

Several doctors point out that the weight charts are skewed by one key factor: smoking. As a group, smokers weigh less than average and die at an earlier age. Including them in the study thus tended to push the optimal weights higher. When the Framingham group examined the longevity of thin men who do not smoke, says Castelli, it found "the lowest overall death rate and the best health experiences" of any population.

For its part, Metropolitan does not believe that people who adopt the new guidelines will die younger. And some doctors see a bright side to the standards. "Fighting Mother Nature is getting to be a serious problem," says Dr. George Blackburn, a renowned nutrition expert at Harvard. "I have a hospital full of anorectics." He advises people who are only a few pounds away from their goals to "relax, adjust to the new range and start having fun. There's no reason to be a size 6 or 8 when a size 10, or even 12 if you're big boned, is healthy." This advice does not go, however, for the large number of Americans who are pushing size 16 for women or 44 short for men. Nearly 50% of the U.S. population weigh more than the figures in the new table, says Metropolitan's Entmacher. "We're still telling *them* to lose weight." ■



HEIGHT	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
5 ft. 2 in.	128-134	131-141	138-150
5 ft. 3 in.	130-136	133-143	140-153
5 ft. 4 in.	132-138	135-145	142-156
5 ft. 5 in.	134-140	137-148	144-160
5 ft. 6 in.	136-142	139-151	146-164
5 ft. 7 in.	138-145	142-154	149-168
5 ft. 8 in.	140-148	145-157	152-172
5 ft. 9 in.	142-151	148-160	155-176
5 ft. 10 in.	144-154	151-163	158-180
5 ft. 11 in.	146-157	154-166	161-184
6 ft. 0 in.	149-160	157-170	164-188
6 ft. 1 in.	152-164	160-174	168-192
6 ft. 2 in.	155-168	164-178	172-197
6 ft. 3 in.	158-172	167-182	176-202
6 ft. 4 in.	162-176	171-187	181-207



HEIGHT	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
4 ft. 10 in.	102-111	109-121	118-131
4 ft. 11 in.	103-113	111-123	120-134
5 ft. 0 in.	104-115	113-126	122-137
5 ft. 1 in.	106-118	115-129	125-140
5 ft. 2 in.	108-121	118-132	128-143
5 ft. 3 in.	111-124	121-135	131-147
5 ft. 4 in.	114-127	124-138	134-151
5 ft. 5 in.	117-130	127-141	137-155
5 ft. 6 in.	120-133	130-144	140-159
5 ft. 7 in.	123-136	133-147	143-163
5 ft. 8 in.	126-139	136-150	146-167
5 ft. 9 in.	129-142	139-153	149-170
5 ft. 10 in.	132-145	142-156	152-173
5 ft. 11 in.	135-148	145-159	155-176
6 ft. 0 in.	138-151	148-162	158-179

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No More Waiting in the Wings

For one night, understudies step into the spotlight

Usually they have to wait for someone to break an ankle or catch the flu before they are allowed to sing those songs in public. But for one night last week at Manhattan's Town Hall, they held center stage, belting out lyrics for which they are not at all famous. A wistful young woman named Tracy Shayne gave her plaintive interpretation of *What I Did for Love* from *A Chorus Line*. Rhonda Coullet, helped by a regular cast member, Cass Morgan, did a comic number from *Pump Boys and Dinettes*; and Ruth Brisbane brought down the house with the sexy *The Right Key but the Wrong Keyhole* from *One Mo' Time*.

Waitin' in the Wings, sponsored by Manhattan Community College, was a tribute to the theater's least seen and, by definition, most obscure performers, the understudies. "They are always ready, rarely called upon and least appreciated," said Vincent Sardi, owner of Sardi's and the show's host. They have one of the most frustrating occupations in the country, being prepared to go on if something befalls someone else.

In some productions that happens frequently. Rock Star Andy Gibb, for instance, was eventually fired from *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* after missing twelve performances in little more than a month. George C. Scott failed to appear twelve times last year during the six-month run of Noël Coward's *Present Laughter*, and Frank Langella missed 28 performances during his half year in *Amadeus*. On any given night, several of the felines in *Cats* may be substitutes. By contrast, the indestructible Marian Seldes was never out once during 1,793 performances of *Deathtrap*, and except for vacations, those three iron ladies, Lauren Bacall, Raquel Welch and Debbie Reynolds, have danced their way through every matinee and evening of *Woman of the Year*.

Broadway lore has numerous burbly stories of brave understudies suddenly being called in to take over, at which point a famous agent or director notices them and sends them on to stardom. This inspiring scenario put the first spotlight on Shirley MacLaine, who won a Hollywood contract after subbing for Carol Haney in *Pajama Game*. But even the understudies find it difficult to believe that such things actually happen. "Those who think that being an understudy will lead to opportunities are wrong," says British Actor Daniel Gerroll, who covers for Edward Herrmann in *Plenty*. When a star leaves a play, understudies rarely become replacements. Doug Voet, who covers the lead in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, has been passed over three times. Says he: "It was devastating, but I can't let it get to me—at least not in public. Being an understudy is like being a guest in your own home."

For most actors, inactivity is the most difficult part they will ever play. "It is hard on your soul," says Randy Danson, who understudies Kate Nelligan in *Plenty*. "You are either extremely bored or extremely terrified, or completely elated or completely crushed." Danson has been all four of those, and two days after the play opened last October, she had to step in when Nelligan had the flu. "For three performances I rode the crest of a tremendous wave," says Danson, "but then I was back in the Green Room doing crossword puzzles. It takes a lot of adjustment to handle those huge swings of the pendulum."

Everything and everyone seem to be conspiring against the substitute. Because of featherbedding rules of the stagehands union, for example, understudies usually have to rehearse without props, costumes or scenery. Sometimes an actor is so busy trying to avoid bumping into unfamiliar furniture that he can scarcely think about the role.

An understudy also misses the lessons to be learned from a live audience—for example, discovering where the laughs are and where they are not. Beyond that, the understudy must often overcome audience hostility. Many people demand their money back when a star is absent; some

At Town Hall: Coullet and Morgan, top; Brisbane; Voet; *Cats'* felines; Shayne, Danson and Gerroll at rehearsal for *Plenty*

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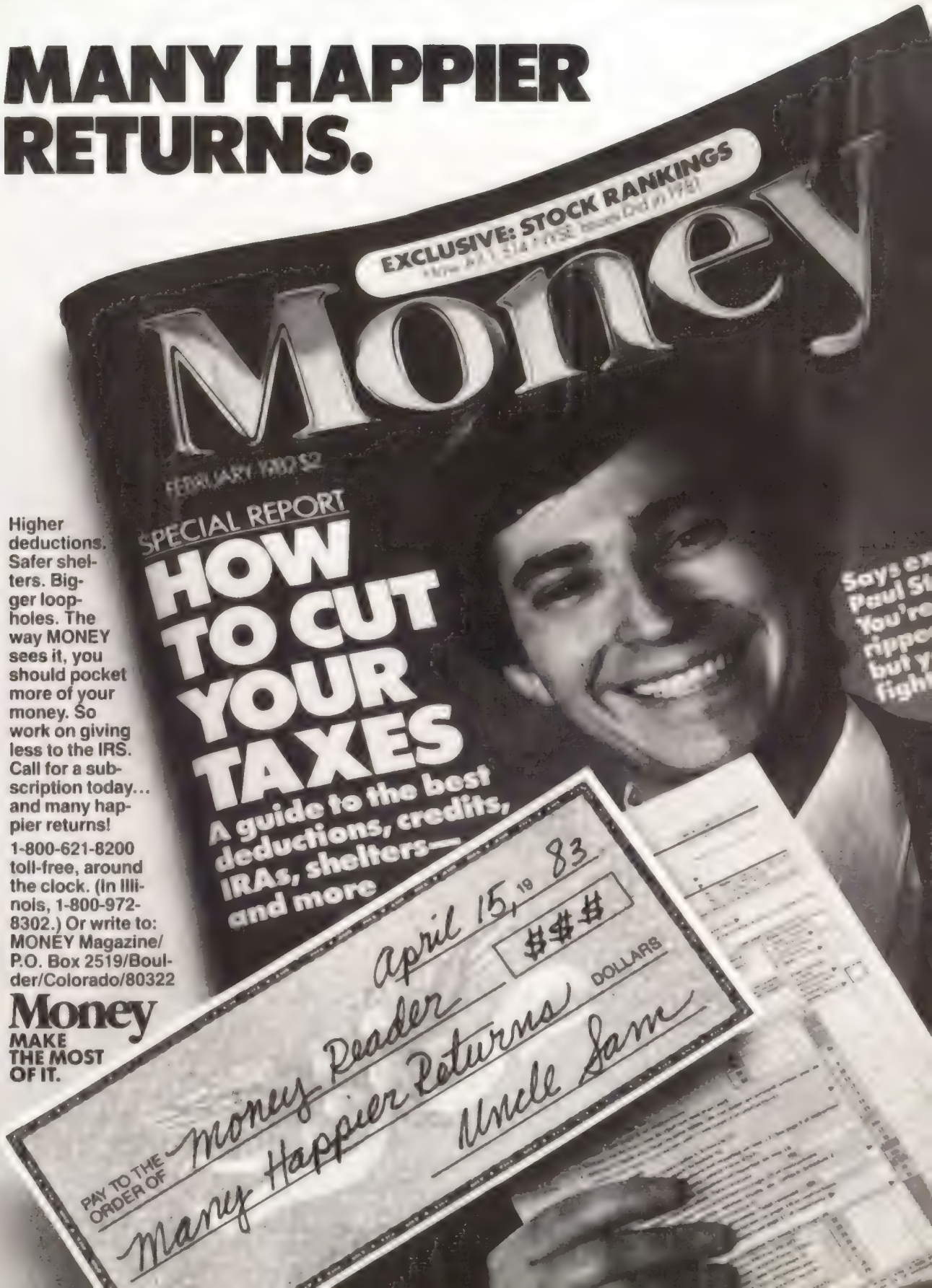

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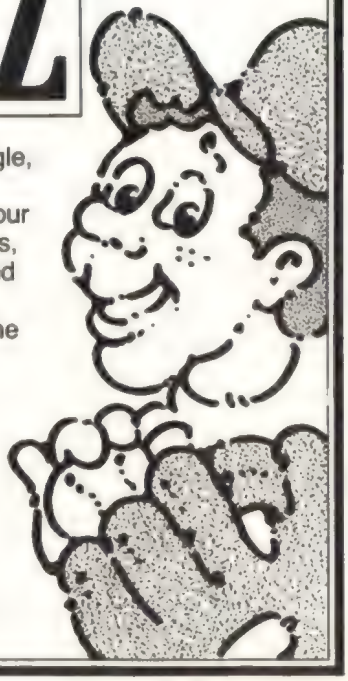

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of those who stay are belligerent. When he comes in to play Joseph, says Voet, he can sometimes sense an unfriendly feeling: "Show me you are worth the $38 I paid for my ticket."

Understudies fall into two categories. Some have a small regular role, as Voet does, and assume a larger one when someone becomes ill. Occasionally they must be prepared to perform as many as five major parts. Others, called stand-bys, must simply be on call and attend weekly rehearsals, as Danson does for Nelligan in *Plenty*. In either case, the pay is the same: $575 a week minimum, more for an actual performance. Says Danson: "Working in *Plenty* has allowed me to have a savings account for the first time in five years."

Still, no player wants to stand in the wings forever, and the wait can be almost unbearable. "Will they love me? Hate me? Will I make a fool of myself? Those doubts go to bed with you, wake up with you, walk around the streets of New York with you," says Brenda Pressley of *Dreamgirls*. "It's a constant battle, and it can beat you if you let it." Some do let it, and along with the stories of the little understudy who could, there are legends of the little stand-ins who couldn't. Once, long ago, that old stalwart Dorothy Gish finally missed a performance of *Life with Father*. Called in after a year of standing by, her understudy fled into the night—never to be seen on Broadway again.

That, almost certainly, will never happen to the spirited and talented performers who stood on the stage of Town Hall last week. "I was very anxious about doing that song from *Woman of the Year* for the first time in public," admits Timothy Jecko, who understudies Jamie Ross, the male lead. "But the minute I walked out I felt terrific. The audience was there, the lights were on, and there was no turning back. Being an understudy finally had a beginning, a middle and an end." —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York*

S*M*A*S*H

An alltime ratings record

As the chopper ferried Captain Hawkeye Pierce homeward from Korea, the 2½-hr. final episode of *M*A*S*H* became the single most watched show in TV history. Based on Nielsen measurements, CBS claimed that an estimated 125 million people saw all or part of the final show, garnering 77% of last Monday night's audience. *M*A*S*H* surpassed the previous alltime leader, the 1980 "Who Shot J.R.?" episode of *Dallas*. With 30-second commercials selling for as much as $450,000, the highest price in history, the program earned CBS some $14 million. *M*A*S*H* won't fade away either; old shows will flicker on in syndicated reruns on 190 television stations. ■

Popcorn Paradise store in Manhattan: one of eleven things that don't cause cancer

Living

A Familiar Munch Goes Gourmet

With wild new flavors available, U.S. popcorn sales explode

It used to be an oleaginous mulch that clogged the incisors at movie theaters. Today, like pasta, pizza and the humble potato, popcorn has gone gourmet. Or, at least, wild. Now, with a few of the dozens of new flavors available, it is possible to have an entire dinner composed of popcorn. After the cocktail hour (piña colada flavor with sour-cream-and-onion popcorn for hors d'oeuvres), the finger-fed meal features New England–clam-chowder popcorn, barbecue popcorn for entrées, fruit salad composed of strawberry, grape and cantaloupe popcorn and, for dessert, chocolate-fudge popcorn.

In between meals, the U.S. is in the midst of a popcorn explosion. Since 1972, consumption has soared from 372 million to 611 million lbs. a year, or about 42 qt. per person. From Florida and Texas, where *jalapeño* popcorn is hot, to the blizzard belt, where maple flavor warms the gullet, new retailers keep popping up across the U.S. There seems to be room for all. For instance, a dozen or more competitors have opened up around the two Garrett Pop Corn Shops in Chicago's Loop; even so, the 33-year-old Garrett's, which sells only butter, caramel, cheese and plain, has seen business treble in the past decade.

Industry analysts attribute the corn craze to Americans' heightened dietary sophistication. Like spuds and spaghetti, nutritionists point out, popcorn is low in calories before the butter goes on; two cups of popcorn have fewer than a medium-size apple. The American Dental Association recommends sugar-free popcorn for snacking. The Illinois division of the American Cancer Society praises popcorn as one of the "eleven things that don't cause cancer." (Among the others: a good laugh, exercise, fruit and vegetables.) Says James Fowler of American Pop Corn Co., Sioux City, Iowa: "If you had asked a lady a few years ago whether she ate popcorn, she'd have told you, 'No, it's too fattening.' Ask the same lady today and she'll tell you it's part of her diet."

One dieter who became popcorn-addicted in 1980 was Actor Jack Klugman (*The Odd Couple, Quincy*), who found in popcorn the answer to his craving for snacks. Klugman is spreading the good munch via Jack's Corn Crib, a planned chain that has already opened two outlets in Manhattan and expects to have at least 100 franchised cornporiums in business by 1985. Klugman uses no salt in his recipes and a maximum of 5% sugar. He has brisk competition in New York from Popcorn Paradise, which is adopting a movie-palace lobby décor on a moderate scale.

The biggest chain is called Corn Poppers, run by Charlie Bird, 54, of Dallas, who has five stores and 35 franchised outlets operating and 35 more set to open this year. He produces 60 flavors but allows his stores to sell only 32, the selection depending on location. Why 32? "There is usually a Baskin-Robbins around with 31 flavors of ice cream," says Bird. "When you're the new guy on the block, you've got to go the other fellow one better." Klugman plans to get his soft corn into the theaters. As the saying goes, without popcorn there would not be any movies. ■

A Banner Year for Meanness

Patrick Ewing comes ungently to the Big East tournament

The sophomore season of 7-ft. Georgetown Center Patrick Ewing has been a mean slide back to the hard times of Jackie Robinson. Signs along the way: at Providence College, EWING CAN'T READ; at the Meadowlands in New Jersey, THINK EWING! THINK!; in Philadelphia's Palestra, EWING IS AN APE. When Ewing was introduced there someone in the crowd tossed a banana peel onto the court. T shirts and buttons have been manufactured bearing the slogan: EWING KANT READ DIS, which is also a recurring chant at the games. Not surprisingly, Patrick Ewing, 20, has had a few fights this year. Racism is not surprising. It pervades sports and life. But the overtness of ape banners and bananas on the floor is chilling

Basketball is a most intimate game. Observing a baseball or football player from a distance, the first impression of color might be the color of his uniform. But basketball players are running around in their underwear, and the spectators are close enough to see the players' beards dripping sweat. Since a giant black center is no novelty, something about Ewing must be particularly affecting. "He looks like a big, bad, mean guy," says John Thompson, his coach. "Actually he's a big, quiet, sensitive guy."

Ewing is an aggressive player. The most popular black basketball players in the world are the Harlem Globetrotters, grinning minstrels "aping" their game. But the next most popular black basketball players are those without a black presence, whose talent may be intimidating but whose style is unthreatening. Ralph Sampson, the University of Virginia's 7-ft. 4-in. senior center, is more docile and less abused. In fact, fans are given to wondering how much better Sampson would be if he had a rougher temperament. Ewing plays angry. "The way Ewing plays," says Thompson, "he doesn't ask questions, he makes statements."

Neither does he answer questions very often. In the manner of U.C.L.A. Coach John Wooden, whose players frequently needed postgraduate work in smiling, Thompson has sheltered his star from the public and press. "I'm not going to make Patrick talk to someone if he doesn't want to," Thompson says, "and usually he doesn't want to." Though just a few words from Ewing might lower the banners, Thompson wonders, "Should it be up to him? We've received letters from people trying to rationalize the abuse, to justify it. 'He should get used to it,' they say. 'It comes with the territory.' Do we want a young kid to get used to this?"

Thompson, too, is black and around 7 ft. tall. For a couple of seasons after his playing years at Providence, he backed up Bill Russell for the Boston Celtics. A few banners have stretched across Thompson's life as well. In 1975, his third year at Georgetown, this one was hoisted in the school gym: THOMPSON THE NIGGER COACH MUST GO. Last season, when Ewing and Thompson came within one basket of winning the national championship, a great deal was made of Thompson's being the first black coach to bring a team to the National Collegiate Athletic Association's final four. So much talk of color distressed him. "Ignorance has no color," Thompson says. "The point isn't that this season has been degrading to a black man. It has been degrading to any man. On the airplane last week, I asked Patrick again how he was holding up. He told me, 'I've grown accustomed to it. I got so much of it in high school.' That made me saddest of all."

The center of unpleasant attention

Intimidating player, threatening presence

Ewing's high school was Cambridge Rindge and Latin in Massachusetts, his coach a concerned man named Mike Jarvis. In a well-meaning letter that became the source of the KANT READ slurs, Jarvis explained to swarming recruiters that Ewing had lived his first twelve years in Jamaica and still spoke with an island patois that made him self-conscious. According to the letter, Ewing had learning deficiencies that would require such licenses as untimed testing and lecture taping. "My approach was to argue against the terms of the letter," says Thompson, who insists Ewing has received no concessions of the kind requested and that he is faring well in school. "I told Patrick's father, 'Don't send your son to me to be educated and then tell me how to educate him.' " Naturally, after Ewing chose Georgetown, copies of the letter were well distributed by the losers. In any case, for the bigots in the stands, the letter is only an excuse. The grudge existed before Ewing.

Unconventional, mysterious, Ewing wears a gray T shirt under his game jersey, a shield from the cold but also an emblem of individuality. The shirt is festooned with NIKE insignias, Thompson being a consultant for that sporting-goods company, as many college coaches serve one company or another for a significant fee. Nobody looks down to question the propriety of manufacturers' logos on the socks of collegiate players, but Ewing waves the practice not only under your nose but over the rim. Unwittingly or not, he never softens anything. Says Thompson: "He has an unbelievable strength that is close to arrogant pride. But good arrogant pride. He'll learn to hook and roll eventually, but for now he's a banger."

The banging in the Big East, a four-year-old conference with five teams ranked among the country's top 20, has been almost as loud as the signs and nearly as ugly at times. Both Georgetown–St. John's games this year have featured fistfights, and Madison Square Garden is in a tingle for the Big East tournament this week. Georgetown's record is 9 and 5 in the conference (19 and 8 overall). Two graduated guards have been missed this season: opponents have been able to concentrate on Ewing and bang on him. "Our games are not for the faint of heart, that's for sure," says Commissioner Dave Gavitt, who disputes "the chatter about violence in the Big East." As for the banners, he has directed administrators to be quick in getting them down. At his angriest, Thompson says, "First a sign, then a banana, then a rock, then a riot." But then quietly he adds, "There is learning in negatives too." Ewing is certainly getting an education.

—*By Tom Callahan*

People

Irving in *The Far Pavilions*

What has 20 elephants, 27 camels, 120 bullocks, 60 members of India's 61st cavalry and **Amy Irving?** (No fair peeking.) It's *The Far Pavilions*, a six-hour cable-TV mini-series now filming in Jaipur, India. Irving, 29, says that her role as an Indian princess has inspired in her "a royal feeling. I notice that my posture has improved." She has also honed her horseback riding. "Now," says Irving, "I can walk like a princess and ride a horse like a cowboy." Much better that than riding like a princess and walking like a cowboy.

■

Gently but firmly forced into retirement last year by President Reagan after a naval career of a mere 63 years, Admiral **Hyman Rickover,** 83, is scarcely gone or forgotten. Last week in Washington, **Richard Nixon,** 70, **Gerald Ford,** 69, and **Jimmy Carter,** 58 (another man forced into retirement by Reagan), gathered to salute Rickover, under whom they had all technically served as lower-ranking naval officers. Nixon rumbled through *Happy Birthday* on the piano (strange, considering it was no one's birthday). Carter saluted the admiral's influence on him as "second only to my father," and Ford, perhaps wistfully, called Rickover "a man who could hold an office far, far longer than any of us."

■

In an age of youthful, button-down conformity, **Teddy Kennedy Jr.,** 21, seems cut from different cloth. After his leg was amputated in 1973 because of bone cancer, he was walking within days. In the years since, he has pursued his passions for squash, touch football, skating and water-skiing. And last week, at Mount Sunapee, N.H., he took a first place in the New England Regional Handicapped Ski Championship. With his proud father looking on, Kennedy beat a field of 25 men, thereby earning a spot at the National Championships this month in Squaw Valley, Calif.

A profile in courage: Kennedy taking the prize in New Hampshire

■

In the ongoing battle of British royalty *vs.* the press, **Queen Elizabeth II** has won a decisive round. After Australian Publisher **Rupert Murdoch's** splashy London tabloid the *Sun* (circ. 4.2 million) ran the first installment of confessions by a former palace pantry servant, the Queen took the unprecedented step of suing Murdoch's news organization and her onetime employee for damages. In an out-of-court settlement last week, the *Sun* agreed to pay the $6,000 it would have given the ex-servant and he ponied up his $150 advance, all of which the Queen donated to a favorite charity—one that assists the needy families of journalists.

■

In an effort to create a high-brow image that might set it apart from the usual Saturday-morning kiddie fare, the Disney cable-TV channel cast around for a reasonable facsimile of *Masterpiece Theater* Host **Alistair Cooke,** 74, to front *Mousterpiece Theater*, a series of 20 half-hour animated shorts. They found that quintessentially nasal nabob, **George Plimpton,** 55, already familiar to many a younger viewer not as a writer (*Paper Lion*) but as the Intellivision pitchman. Beginning next month, Plimpton will settle into a comfy padded chair to lecture his preliterate charges on the finer points of animation in such Disney classics as *Steamboat Willie* and Goofy's *How to Play Baseball*.

—By E. Graydon Carter

Plimpton and Mickey in an unanimated moment

Rickover with three former Navy men: Ford, Carter and Nixon

On the Record

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, 64, exiled Soviet novelist who last week won the $170,000 Templeton Foundation prize for his contribution to progress in religion, on the U.S. Supreme Court's ban on school worship: "When prayers in school are forbidden even in a free country, it is not much more tolerable than in Communist countries, only in that it lacks the hammering-in of atheism."

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Three from the Image Machine

In SoHo, a trio of rising reputations but uneven talents

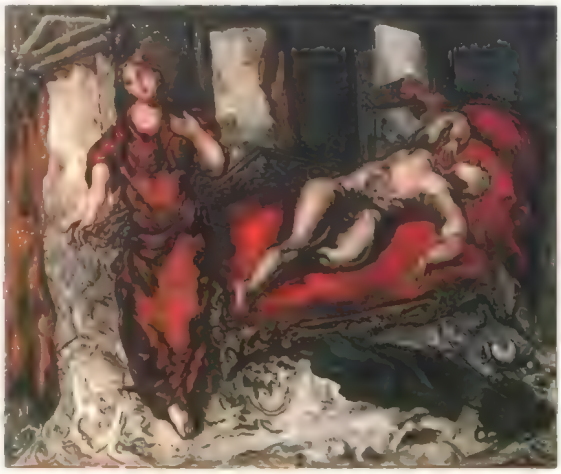
There were three one-man shows on the itinerary of most gallerygoers in New York City's SoHo area last month: Robert Longo, David Salle and Gérard Garouste. Taken together, they were fairly instructive. Here are three rising, though by no means certified, reputations; yet their success seems tinged with panic. They are all young (Longo is 30, Salle 31, and Garouste 37) and, of course, figurative—the pendulum of taste having now swung so far that it is practically impossible to *have* a rising reputation if you are a new abstract painter. Each, in his way, is a perfect subject of the "post-modernist" image machine, that powerful contraption which, modeled on corporate p.r. lines, has transformed the very nature of reputation in the art world over the past five years. But how good are they?

Certainly Longo is the best of them. But his ambitious split show, which fills two galleries (Castelli and Metro Pictures), displays a worrisome unevenness: harshly accurate feeling one moment, bombast the next. Longo's subject is people under stress; in his paintings, the lid on the urban pressure cooker is always about to blow. He began to make a reputation two or three years ago with life-size figures of men and women apparently in their late 20s, starkly drawn in graphite on a blank ground, twisting and grimacing and staggering. They were, of course, done from photos (only the camera can cut movement into such inscrutable, violent morsels), and their power lay in their uncertainty: Were the people getting shot, having strokes or dancing at the Mudd Club?

Longo is not without entrepreneurial desires. He staged performances, did sculpture and is producing a full-length film, *Empire*. His art got more ambitious, involving more people both in his pictures and as assistants in the studio. We see the results at Castelli and Metro. They include a large bas-relief in aluminum depicting a horde of struggling Wall Street types: a Roman battle sarcophagus with updated clothes, flanked by ominous, smooth, black effigies of skyscrapers in perspective that recall the architectural renderings of Hugh Ferriss in the '30s. The trouble is that the execution does not carry the theatrical idea. Longo is not much of a modeler; his striking talent for rendering does not extend into three dimensions, so that on closer inspection the faces and bodies in the sculpture are pedantically inert, like those "solid photography" busts cut with a laser device.

On a less operatic scale, however, he is convincing. Perhaps the best work in the show is *Pressure*, 1982-83: the white face of a worried, singlet-clad mime in the lower half and, above it, the cold, oppressive ziggurat of an art deco–style New York building. The *film noir* dramatics of Longo's work are tuned down, and a subtler pathos comes through, the surprise being that Longo was able to extract it from such obvious clichés as the Urban Clown and the Faceless Skyscraper.

On the face of it, Salle's combine paintings at the Mary Boone Gallery had things in common with Longo's. They often derive from photos, they use overscaled fragments, they shift style within the picture. But what differences! In contrast with the hyped-up aggressiveness of Longo's work, the strongest feeling Salle offers is a wistful unease in the face of image glut. Looking at his work is like watching a TV set in the rain with the sound off. Disconnected images, usually with a nude, a face or a word underneath, drift across



Postures and squiggles: Gérard Garouste's *The Red Room*, 1982

Messages from the media: Robert Longo's *Pressure*, 1982-83; right, David Salle's *Black Bra*, 1982; above, Garouste, Longo and Salle

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Art

one another. Salle scrambles together a variety of modes of drawing, from Hi Art to Soft Porn, but the line is always weak and wambly.

Salle's proponents, who are numerous enough to have made his work a fixture of the big European circus shows like "Dokumenta 7" and "Zeitgeist," seem to think his pictorial dithering is a critical act. It is said to be a meditation on the difficulty of finding any sort of authentic expression in a culture unhooked by the affectless glare of the Box. But this terrain was strip-mined by Warhol 20 years ago, and Salle is merely picking over it. His sources are too obvious. The overlay of drawings comes from late Francis Picabia; the tonally painted gray images from early James Rosenquist; the objects added to the canvas from Jasper Johns.

The work is all footnote, no text. Sometimes it is sly and learned, but in a sophomoric way. Why, in *Black Bra*, is there a bowl of apples "quoted" from Cézanne, a pair of eyes and a brassiere? Presumably because Salle has read Art Historian Meyer Schapiro's classic essay on Cézanne, which suggested that he associated the image of fruit with his mother's breast. Salle's wan canvases have their amusing moments, but they remain a kind of conceptual art, arid, mincing and overly concerned with their relationship to the art world as a system.

From this modest ledge there is a steep drop to the level of Garouste, a much touted French artist who got the two-gallery treatment from Castelli and Sperone Westwater Fischer. Garouste paints allegorical pictures, usually about Orion, a mythical giant and hunter from Boeotia, who bragged that he could clear the earth of wild beasts and so—depending on which version of the myth you prefer—was blinded by Dionysus, killed by Artemis or stung to death by a scorpion. What this legend means to Garouste is anyone's guess. All he has done with it is produce a set of murky canvases with loud patches of local color, full of posturing figures who flap and twist about in the pervasive dung-colored twilight like parodies of the 18th century Italian mannerist Alessandro Magnasco.

Garouste's style is the most affected thing since John Cleese's silly walks on *Monty Python*. What he offers as drawing is actually disconnected pseudobaroque squiggles. In a painting like *The Red Room*, 1982, with its woolly paint and Greek décor out of late De Chirico, there is neither an inch of coherent space nor a single shape that could be defended as form. Garouste is not a painter but a pretentious decorator. And yet he is treated as a classicist, as a man who understands the past; it is as though someone who remembered a couple of tags from Virgil were complimented on his scholarship. It seems that not only history but myth as well can repeat itself as farce, if dealers are pushing. —*By Robert Hughes*

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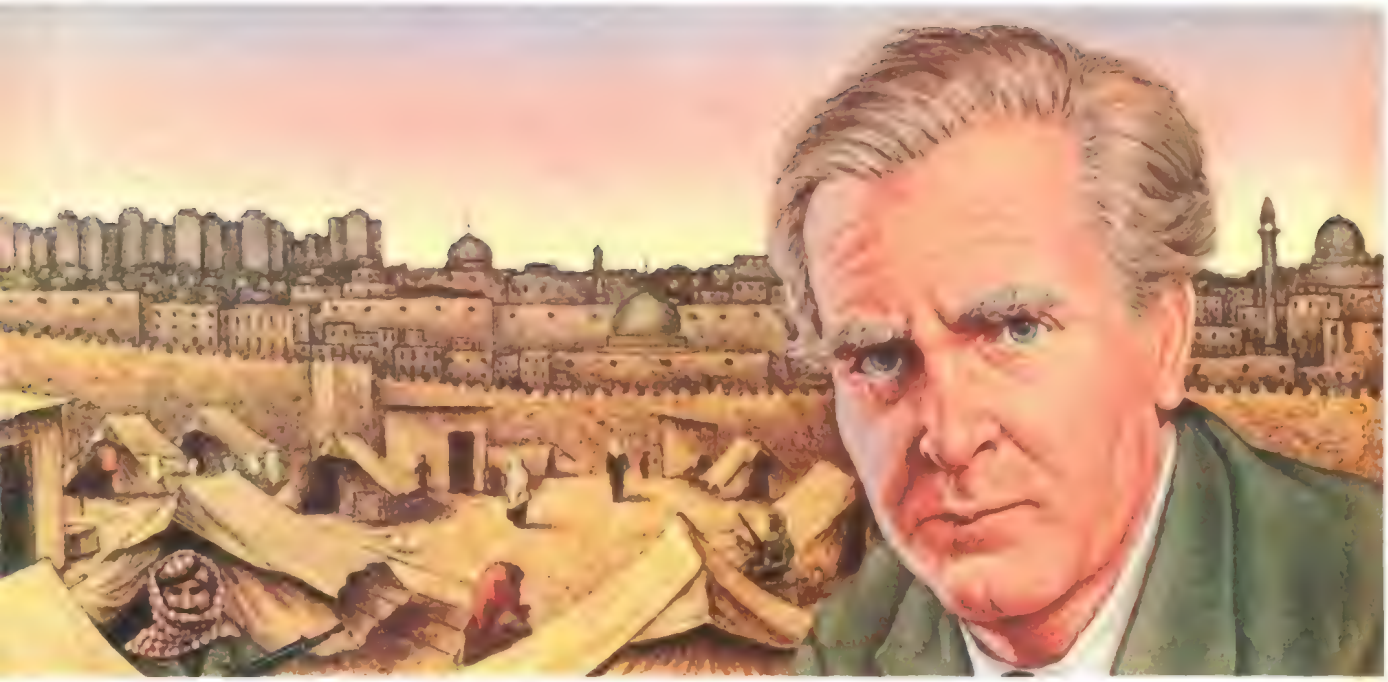

Books

In the Theater of Deeds

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL; *by John le Carré; Knopf; 430 pages; $15.95*

Terrorist bombings have become familiar events to everyone but survivors near by. For them, something in reality irrevocably snaps in the explosion: "All they could speak of, if they could speak at all, was the road tipping, or a chimney stack silently lifting off the roof across the way, or the gale ripping through their houses, how it stretched their skin, thumped them, knocked them down, blew the flowers out of the vases and the vases against the wall. They remembered the tinkling of falling glass all right, and the timid brushing noise of the young foliage hitting the road. And the mewing of people too frightened to scream."

This account certainly feels factual, but it is fiction, the opening scene of Author John le Carré's disturbing new thriller. The book promises to raise both hair and hackles. Le Carré has plunged directly into one of the most anguished and impassioned conflicts on earth. His characters are invented, to be sure, but they are Israelis and Palestinians, locked in a struggle that produces daily headlines, committed to opposing causes that can make otherwise civilized people murderous. Expropriating the contemporary Middle East into a novel is literally asking for trouble. What writer could keep such demons, once unleashed, from tearing a made-up story apart?

The answer turns out to be Le Carré. *The Little Drummer Girl* (its title an oblique allusion to a Christmas song set in the Holy Land) is both a daring departure from his earlier work and a triumph of narrative control. The long duel between George Smiley of British intelligence and Karla, his opposite number in the Soviet Union, came to an end in *Smiley's People* (1980), with Karla crossing over from East Berlin into Western arms. Le Carré's emphasis throughout the Smiley sagas was on the abstract detachment of his hero, his intellectual moves in a global game of chess. Smiley and Karla had the time to outwait and outthink each other. What little bloodshed both could cause was accidental, a messy byproduct of otherwise elegant planning. The Middle East, as it is and as Le Carré portrays it, offers no such leisure. The distance between theory and the front lines is a missed step, an incautious gesture. Watches tick, recording each second as a preamble to destruction.

Excerpt

"The second bomb fell and it seemed farther away, or perhaps she was less impressionable: it could fall anywhere it liked except in these packed alleys, with their columns of patient children waiting like tiny, doomed sentries for the lava to roll down the mountain. The band struck up, much louder than before; the processions started, twice as brilliant. The band was playing a marching song and the crowd was clapping to it. Unfreezing her hands, Charlie set down her little girl and started to clap too . . . and now it was the turn of the fishermen's union, represented by a sedate yellow van decked in pictures of Arafat, with a giant paper fish, painted red, white and black, on its roof . . .

The planes disappeared. Palestine had won another victory."

The bomb that explodes in the house of an Israeli labor attaché near Bonn draws the attention not only of West German authorities but also of intelligence agents from Tel Aviv, led by a man named Kurtz (a.k.a. Schulmann, Raphael, Spielberg). He knows who is responsible for the blast: a shadowy Palestinian called Khalil who has terrorized Western Europe with apparent impunity. Kurtz pays his hidden adversary a supreme compliment: "There's a brain at work." Kurtz has also located Khalil's younger brother and collaborator, currently living in Munich, and has a team of agents in place performing round-the-clock surveillance. When an Israeli colleague wonders impatiently why they do not just kill the brother and be done with him, Kurtz replies that "he doesn't *lead* anywhere." Little brother becomes expendable only when a trap has been set for Khalil.

The bait in Kurtz's plan is Charmian (called Charlie), an English actress whose haphazardly radical political involvements qualify her (à la Vanessa Redgrave) for the role Kurtz wants her to play. She is the rebellious middle-class type who could very well be swept away by a sensual young Palestinian and his

Illustrations for TIME by Brian Bailey

burning desire to regain his homeland. Kurtz assigns Becker, an aging but still handsome Israeli war hero, to recruit Charlie and then teach her how to act in "the theater of deeds." A fictitious love affair must be fabricated between Charlie and the younger brother, whom the Israelis have captured. When he is killed, as the plan now requires that he must be, Charlie will become an ostensibly bereaved and vengeful survivor. Kurtz wagers a number of lives, including his own, that the older brother and master terrorist will be curious enough about Charlie to summon her (and the Israelis) to him.

This plot is not simple even in design, and its execution proves fiendishly complex. Charlie is an unknown quantity with uncertain loyalties. To be made plausible to the Palestinians, she must be coached by Becker in the rhetoric of the dispossessed. He impersonates her imagined lover: "You know how the Zionists described my country before they seized it? 'A land without a people for a people without land.' *We did not exist!* In their minds, the Zionists had already committed genocide; all that remained for them was the fact. And you, the British, were the architects of this great vision. You know how Israel was born? A European power made a present of an Arab territory to a Jewish lobby."

Charlie shows signs of taking such lessons too much to heart. During a fierce argument with Becker, she calls his colleagues "bastards" and ridicules him for hypocrisy: "One minute our bleeding heart, the next our red-toothed warrior. Whereas all you really are—when it comes down to it—is a bloodthirsty, land-grabbing little Jew." He steps back into his own character long enough to slap her, twice and very hard. Shuttling between Palestinian enclaves in Lebanon, Charlie realizes that hostile aircraft have become new facts in her life: "It had not occurred to her, in her ignorance, that the Palestinians might possess no planes, or that the Israeli air force might take exception to fervent claims to their territory made within walking distance of their border."

Le Carré presents Charlie's education as an accretion of details, to be overseen by the reader as well. The author's mastery of atmosphere has never served him better than here. He wrings suspense not only from the urgency of his plot but from the complex texture of individual scenes. His characters must pursue moral absolutes in a dangerous world mined with ambiguities. Kurtz attempts to explain his crusade and his chosen victims to his new recruit: "Only those who break completely the human bond, Charlie. *They* deserve to die." Kurtz means terrorists, but he himself must face the necessity of ordering death for someone who has committed no crime except being too stupid or unlucky to stay out of his way.

The Little Drummer Girl is the rattling good entertainment that Le Carré's millions of readers have come to expect. It is also controversial in a way that his earlier novels did not have to be. The battle between Smiley and Karla was, emotionally and philosophically, no contest. The moral balance always tipped, however slightly, in Smiley's favor. Loyalties could grow muddled, colleagues might awake one morning and find it difficult to tell their side from the enemy's. Smiley labored on, knowing that compared with Karla he was the freer man. Le Carré gives neither side in this novel such a clear advantage. Kurtz and his cohort are the main characters, and it is difficult to follow their exploits without rooting for their success. But they strongly resemble the terrorists they oppose. Zionists and Palestinian sympathizers will find much to dislike here: heroes hell-bent on antiheroics,

ideals sullied by vengeance and blood. Even the identities of victory and defeat recede before Le Carré's panoramic display of brutal human endeavor. He is the bearer of bad news, disguised in a good book: life, after all the speeches and battles, is essentially a losing proposition.

—*By Paul Gray*

■ ■ ■

David Cornwell (alias John le Carré) first thought of setting a novel in the Middle East in 1977. He had finished *The Honourable Schoolboy*, which uses Hong Kong as its primary locale, and still experienced some narrative wanderlust. "I roamed about the Middle East a bit," he remembers. "It was just before the first Israeli invasion of Lebanon that went up to the Litani River. I thought that I might construct a novel around this impending attack. I went to southern Lebanon, I met the Palestinians, and I was in Beirut. In that same visit I also drove to Damascus and Amman and then went to the north of Israel and looked at preparations for the attack."

Back home in Britain, the author soon ran into difficulties. His plan to employ the Middle East as another staging area for the struggle between Smiley and Karla was not working: "I decided that I couldn't handle a British-Soviet intrigue in that sense. I tried and I got tissue rejections, which means the plot was too gothic, too unreal, too unnatural for what I had seen. I thought, 'Put it away for a while, put it on the back burner and get rid of Smiley.'" *Smiley's People* did nothing quite that drastic, but it provided a logical stopping point in the character's history: his triumph at long last over Karla.

This accomplished, Le Carré "went back to the Middle East novel with far greater depth of freedom than I had before because I didn't have this traveling circus with me." He devoted four months to intensive research on his new subject, including three more trips to the Middle East. He talked to members of the Israeli intelligence fraternity, spent two evenings with Yasser Arafat and considerable time at the Beirut headquarters of the Palestine Liberation Organization. "That makes you look over your shoulder a bit," he says, alluding to the potential for violence that permeates the region. Le Carré was lucky: "In all my visits to south Lebanon and Beirut, I have never been near a firefight or a bombing, not so near as to make me feel my life was in danger."

Le Carré suspects that the publication of *The Little Drummer Girl* may make him a target for other kinds of attacks: "I'm pretty sure that I am going to attract a great deal of flak, particularly in the States, for even suggesting there is anything to put in the Palestinian balance. But I would wish to have it remembered of me, before they claw me apart, that in the nine novels that preceded this book, I think in six of them I wrote with unqualified sympathy about Jews. And if any non-Jew has the right to suggest that Israel is getting out of hand, I propose that I have earned that right."

The Israeli Kurtz is the most admirable and sympathetic character in the novel, and Le Carré may not be done with him: "I've thought of him as likely to be the hero of more books, but the chances, as far as I know at the moment, are nil." George Smiley exists in a similar limbo. Says the author: "We are simply not on terms at the moment. He's hung up his boots." One of the problems, paradoxically, between Le Carré and his character is the television exposure that Smiley received in adaptations of *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* and *Smiley's People:* "I loved Alec Guinness's performance, but he gave Smiley a very definite character, and it was in this form that the public thought of him, and, inevitably, he was not my chap any more." Still, the author, 51, adds an escape clause with reference to his sixtyish hero: "I might do a book on Smiley when I catch up with him in age." ■

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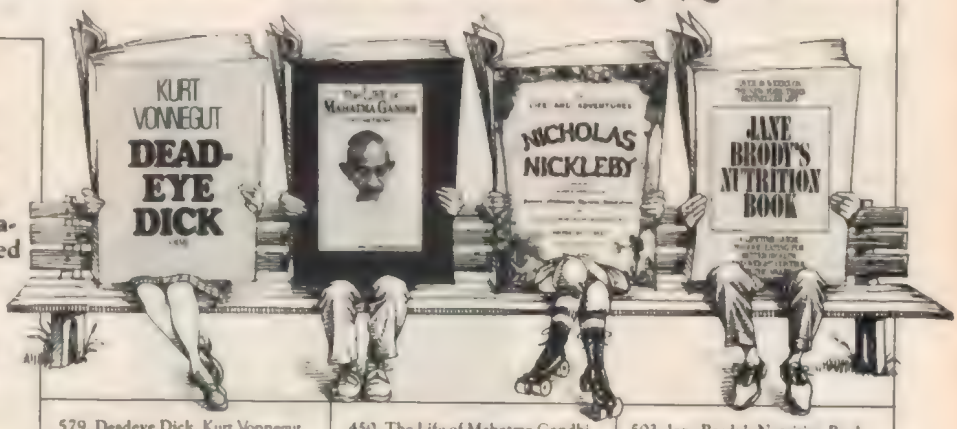

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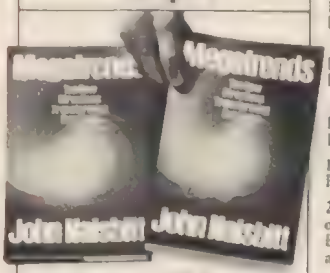

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Cinema

To Be Young, Gifted and Broke

Three shoestring movies tilt at the Hollywood system

Going to an independent American film can be like watching an event in the Special Olympics. Handicapped by budgets as low as $50,000 (when the average Hollywood movie costs more than $10 million), struggling with unknown actors and make-do shooting schedules, independent films demand the viewer's rooting interest to see them over the rough spots and through the inevitable *longueurs*. Indulgence has its own rewards though. When independent films clear their high hurdles, they can point to new ways of looking at both cinema and American life and demonstrate that film has other pleasures to offer than giddy farce and teenpix thrills.

Susan Seidelman's **Smithereens,** made for $100,000, is a cautionary tale of the Manhattan punk milieu in the tradition of such '60s films as *Shadows* and *The Connection*. Its 19-year-old heroine, Wren (Susan Berman), has seen it all, done most of it, learned nothing. Outfitted in punk khaki—checker-rimmed dark glasses, red sneakers, ornamental bruise on her arm—Wren crashes the Peppermint Lounge and puts the make on new wave musicians, who pay about as much attention to her as they would to the framed landscape on a motel-room wall. This Piaf-size waif has big, gaudy dreams; what she gives and gets is 24-hours-a-day pain, as stark and grating as a dentist's drill.

Sliding from pathos to pathology and back again, *Smithereens* has the judgmental attitudes of a Hollywood "exposé" with little of the craft. For every quirky glimpse of street life (a ten-year-old boy running a three-card monte scam, a prostitute who will "show you my scar for $5"), there is a derisive stereotype of the working-class drudges who get in Wren's way. Wren is so determinedly self-destructive that it becomes hard to care about her fate. Nonetheless, Berman does her best to bring this tough, tart Irma la Douce to life. She and Brad Rinn, as a naive Montana boy who offers Wren vagrant hope of regeneration, snipe amusingly at each other, as if they were the Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon of the Lower East Depths.

In **Vortex,** the milieu is not punk but the sensibility is. The film-making couple known as Scott B and Beth B have worked in the New York new wave underground since the mid-'70s, shooting on Super 8 stock and exhibiting the results in punk nightclubs. *Vortex*, made in 16 mm on an $80,000 budget, is their first shot at the relatively big time. Its plot is standard sleuthing in the corridors of power. A Congressman has been killed on orders from a reclusive plutocrat (Bill Rice). Private Eye Angel Powers (Lydia Lunch) finds the source of the trouble in Anthony Demmer (James Russo), a tirading troglodyte in a three-piece suit who has made a pathetic slave of the billionaire. While muttering such maxims as "Truth is a dead man's secret," Angel zigzags through encounters with craven executives, junkies and a malevolent dwarf bartender toward a fatal rooftop rendezvous with Demmer.

James Russo and Bill Rice in *Vortex*

Susan Berman on the street in *Smithereens*

Jane Hallaren and Linda Griffiths in *Lianna*

The pulse rate of *Vortex* is as slow and regular as a long-distance runner's. The acting is uneven, from Russo's Method overacting to Lunch's delicious coarseness as she tries to remember her lines. None of this matters much. What does is the look of the film: a downtown gallery of elegant, provocative images. Warning shadows pin actors against the wall. Bedrooms and boardrooms alike are illuminated by lasers, neon, smoke, creepy red and blue filters. Single-source lighting throws every face and motivation into sinister relief. And under the action, jazz-rock music—a hum of bass, synthesizer and baritone sax—moves continuously, like a shark in shallow water. To be sure, *Vortex* engages the eye, not the gut. But for $80,000, an eyes-only feast should be enough.

John Sayles' **Lianna** (rhymes with Indiana) means to engage the middle-class emotions, then turn them subtly against the audience's expectations. Lianna (Linda Griffiths) has a sweet moonface and blue eyes that always look as if they have just left off crying. She has every reason to be sad: her husband, who teaches film at the local college, is an adulterous grouch; her two children do not offer quite enough challenge; her life is in limbo. So she tumbles into a lesbian affair with her night-school professor, Ruth (Jane Hallaren), to whom fond Lianna is the adoring, precocious student. Is Lianna in love or just restless? Does the affair represent an irrevocable change in her sexual preference or just a detour? Is the discovery of herself worth the loss of family and best friends?

For an intimate realistic portrait like this to come alive, every brush stroke must be telling, precise. It is a delicate matter of nuance and gesture, qualities Sayles meshed perfectly (on a $60,000 budget) in his first independent feature, *Return of the Secaucus 7*. In the more lavishly budgeted *Lianna*, everyone at first seems to be trying too hard not to try too hard. But as its heroine discovers resources of wit and self-confidence, the film does too. By the end it has turned a "problem drama" into a social comedy, full of cagey behavioral surprises and a lovely performance by Griffiths. Of all the new non-Hollywood films (this one was shot in Hoboken, N.J.), *Lianna* is the one most likely to reach and touch a wider audience. Even independent films must be dependent on an adventurous movie public.

—*By Richard Corliss*

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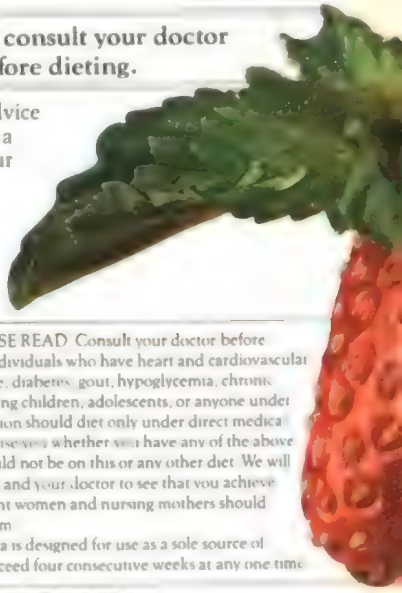

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In the Realm of the Trolls

PEER GYNT *by Henrik Ibsen*

When he wrote *Peer Gynt* in 1867, Ibsen did not dream that his epic poem would ever be performed onstage. Uncut, it contains five acts and 38 scenes. Its panoramic sweep embraces four continents: Europe, Africa, North America and Asia. The action unfolds on mountain crests and sun-bleached deserts, within limpid fjords and amid howling sea storms. These requirements have proved daunting to most productions, except that in recent decades stage technology has become much more sophisticated. So has the audience, schooled by the movies' cross-cutting and swift evolution of scenes.

Even so, a presentation of *Peer Gynt* is a rarity. Only 16 full-scale productions are listed for the U.S since 1906. The two-part, five-hour production now enlivening the stage of Minneapolis' Guthrie Theater becomes a 17th of considerable distinction. The scenic effects are accomplished with stunning finesse (heightened by Santo Loquasto's virtuoso set design of mirrored panels). Rumanian Director Liviu Ciulei (pronounced Leave-you Chew-lay), artistic director of the Guthrie, never scants the intellectual, philosophical and refreshingly comical ramifications of the play. This *Peer Gynt* only fitfully moves the heart, however, and that may be because Ciulei chooses to keep a tight Brechtian leash on emotion.

Peer younger (Greg Martyn) and older (Gerry Bamman) on a Rapscallion's Progress

On one level, *Peer Gynt* is a series of picaresque adventures, a kind of Rapscallion's Progress as opposed to a Pilgrim's Progress. Yet the rich ambiguity of the play lies in the fact that Peer is some sort of pilgrim. In his most squalid escapades, he knows that he is sinning and fumblingly seeks redemptive grace and the meaning of existence. But since, like Scarlett O'Hara, he puts off thinking about the hard questions until tomorrow, he always loses his way. He traces an allegory of man's brief bewildering journey from his mother's womb to Mother Earth.

Throughout the play, Peer dichotomizes women. Those of maternal purity, he fears to touch. The accessible slut, he invariably beds. The young Peer of Part I (rather monotonously played by Greg Martyn) scoots off to a wedding feast held for one of his old flames (Jana Schneider). There he meets Solveig (Jossie de Guzman), a girl of 15 or 16 who captivates him but is skittish at his brusque advances. To the end of the play, she will be his undimmed light of love and will incredibly play the combined role of wife and mother figure without the literal consolations of either.

The key encounter in Part I is at the Troll King's lair. As half the floor of the Guthrie opens upward like the hold of a cargo ship, white fumes belch forth as from an anteroom to hell. The trolls are quite droll. They are dressed in inky black frock coats and robes, their heads are chalk-white and they sport Miss Piggy snouts. The Troll King (Frederick Neumann) immediately recognizes Peer as a closet troll and lays down the primal law of trolldom, which is the leitmotiv of the entire play. As rendered in Rolf Fjelde's lyrical English versification, it goes:

Among men, under the shining sky
They say: "Man, to yourself be true!"
While here, under our mountain roof,
We say: "Troll, to yourself be—enough!"

In modern parlance, "Look out for No 1." Which, except for an affecting reunion with his dying mother (Gloria Foster), is exactly how Peer conducts his life.

In a sense, Part I forecloses an epoch. Ibsen encompasses the dying out of old legends and old gods, the anachronism of the early 19th century Byronic romantic hero and the ushering in of urban industrial society with its hard-nosed pragmatism.

Presciently modern, Ibsen foresaw that collectivized man would make egocentric quests for identity and searches for self. Peer's quest for self-definition becomes a tale of tepid damnation. The suave, cynical Peer of Part II (played with acute perceptivity by Gerry Bamman) defines himself by what he does and not by what he is. And what he does is always tainted by easy accommodation and the habit of incessant compromise. He moves from trading slaves out of Charleston, S.C., and shipping pagan idols to China to reigning as a prophet in the Moroccan desert, finally ending up crowned "the Emperor of Self" in a Cairo madhouse, with a wreath of straw.

Back in Norway, old and ailing, Peer meets a mysterious stranger in a black business suit. This is the Button Molder (Walter Atamaniuk), who tells him he is to be melted down as "damaged goods" and recast with "the mass of humanity." Essentially, the Button Molder likens Peer to those whom Dante consigned to Limbo: "That caitiff choir of the angels, who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God; but were for themselves." Peer flees to the mountain hut where Solveig, ever faithful and now blind, cradles him in her arms. But neither Ciulei's direction nor Fiorenzo Carpi's astringent dissonant music makes this a redemptive moment. It is a requiem for a lost soul.

The audacity of this Guthrie offering brings honor to the U.S. theater. It also reminds us of what an intrepid culture hero Henrik Ibsen was. He strove mightily against the confines of a narrow provincial society to free the spirit and light up the mind. All of his plays are the sounds of chains snapping. —*By T.E. Kalem*

Rootless Cosmopolitan of the Age

Arthur Koestler: 1905-1983

"Moral indignation did and still does affect me in a direct physical manner," he once confessed. "I can feel, during an attack, the infusion of adrenaline into the bloodstream, the craving of the muscles for violent action." For most of this century, Arthur Koestler lived by those words. Last week at his home in London, he died by them at the age of 77. The "rootless cosmopolitan," as he styled himself, had been an ardent supporter of "autoeuthanasia," and when the suffering of old age and disease grew insupportable, he reportedly took a lethal dose of drugs. His third wife, Cynthia, 56, joined him in the apparent double suicide. Koestler's act was in keeping with his principles. Throughout his long career, he had been attacked for taking a variety of political, moral and intellectual positions. But no one had ever accused him of being a hypocrite. If he backed an idea, it was with mind, muscles and blood

Born in Budapest of middle-class Jewish parents, Koestler was a lonely, neurotic child brought up by a possessive and angry mother and strict, punishing household help. He was subject to suicidal depression, homicidal rage and "obsession with a cause." His first obsession was Zionism, a movement that seized his imagination when he attended the Vienna Polytechnic in the early 1920s

At 19, he briefly became the private secretary of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the militant nationalist who also served as the mentor of another youthful Zionist, Menachem Begin. After spending several months in Palestine, Koestler returned to Europe, where he talked himself into a job with the giant Ullstein chain of newspapers. In 1931 he secretly joined the German Communist Party. "I went to Communism as one goes to a spring of fresh water," he later wrote. "I left it as one clambers out of a poisoned river strewn with the wreckage of flooded cities and the corpses of the drowned." But it took several years to clamber

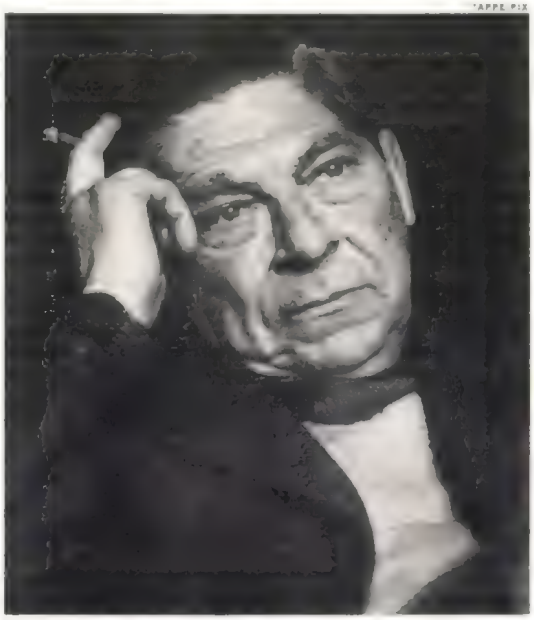
While visiting Soviet Russia, he produced some romanticized articles about the achievements under the first Five-Year Plan, despite the fact that the country was being devastated by a famine that cost some 6 million lives. In 1936 he was dispatched to Spain by the party in order to expose German and Italian intervention for Franco in the civil war. He was arrested by the Falangists and subsequently spent three months in solitary confinement in the Central Prison of Seville. From that experience came a book, *Spanish Testament*, and the germ of an idea for his masterpiece, *Darkness at Noon* (1941)

On the long shelf of Koestler's work (six novels, 30 nonfiction books), no volume is as memorable or seems more likely to last. This searing tale of the Soviet Union's 1936-38 purge trials, and the gradual extraction of a false confession from an old revolutionary, proved profoundly persuasive to readers throughout the Western world. It was a bestseller in the U.S., and a 1951 dramatization by Sidney Kingsley, with Claude Rains in the central role, was a hit on Broadway. Following *Darkness*, Koestler wrote several powerfully antitotalitarian books, including *Arrival and Departure* (1943) and *The Yogi and the Commissar* (1945), and an eloquent contribution to *The God That Failed* (1950), a collection of essays by former members of the Communist Party

But Koestler was never able to derive much joy from the past tense. He had seen his books vilified by Hitler's and Stalin's minions. Now he wished to hear no more about them. "The bitter passion has burned itself out," he decided. "Cassandra has gone hoarse and is due for a vocational change."

In the mid-'50s, after he had moved to England, Koestler turned his attention to anthropology, scientific phenomena and, ultimately, parapsychology. Recalling the "three out of every four friends" who had died or disappeared in the war, the Holocaust or the Gulag, he wrote, "Murder *within* the species is a phenomenon unknown in the whole animal kingdom, except for man and a few varieties of ants and rats." He sought explanations for human behavior outside the field of established science and attempted to revise ancient history. But scientists and critics were not always receptive.

In *The Thirteenth Tribe* (1976), Koestler argued that many Eastern European Jews were descended not from the ancient Semites but from a Turkic national group in Eastern Europe that had converted to Judaism in the Middle Ages. Isaac Bashevis Singer replied, "[He] tries so hard to show that the Jews are not even Jews, he fails also as a writer." Science Writer Martin Gardner, reviewing *The Roots of Coincidence* (1972), taxed the author with ignoring research that contradicts the claims of parapsychologists. Even Koestler's monumental and erudite *The Act of Creation* (1964) caused the eminent zoologist Sir Peter Medawar to grumble that Koestler had "no real grasp of how scientists go about their work." Malcolm Muggeridge dismissed the author as "all antennae and no head."



The author in the '50s: words from a hoarse Cassandra

Forever backing an idea with mind, muscles and blood.

None of this slowed Koestler's production. He had been right so many times before; he had been attacked by so many who were now swept into the dustbin of history. Why should he care about the doubters? Indeed, as Koestler grew older, there was a marked change in the man. The fury and belligerence seemed to be ebbing. The bantam figure, who once seemed to be a walking history of modern European politics, appeared to be negotiating some new contract with the world

In the late 1970s, Koestler postulated that death does not signify total extinction. "It means merging into the cosmic consciousness," he wrote in an essay on life after death, comparing the process of dying to "the flow of a river into the ocean." Summoning the rhetorical powers of his youth, the elderly writer foresaw the end. The river, he wrote, "has been freed of the mud that clung to it, and regained its transparency. It has become identified with the sea, spread over it, omnipresent, every drop catching a spark of the sun. The curtain has not fallen; it has been raised." Ironically, after a lifetime of earthly visions, it was that glowing picture of an afterlife that gave Arthur Koestler the courage to face death by his own hand.

—*By Patricia Blake*

HOSPITALIZED. David Niven, 73, debonair British actor, bestselling autobiographer *(The Moon's a Balloon, Bring On the Empty Horses)* and novelist *(Go Slowly, Come Back Quickly);* ostensibly for treatment of a digestive problem; in London. Niven suffers from a progressive neuro-muscular disorder reported to be the incurable amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, sometimes called Lou Gehrig's disease, which has left him with a speech impairment and partial use of his left hand.

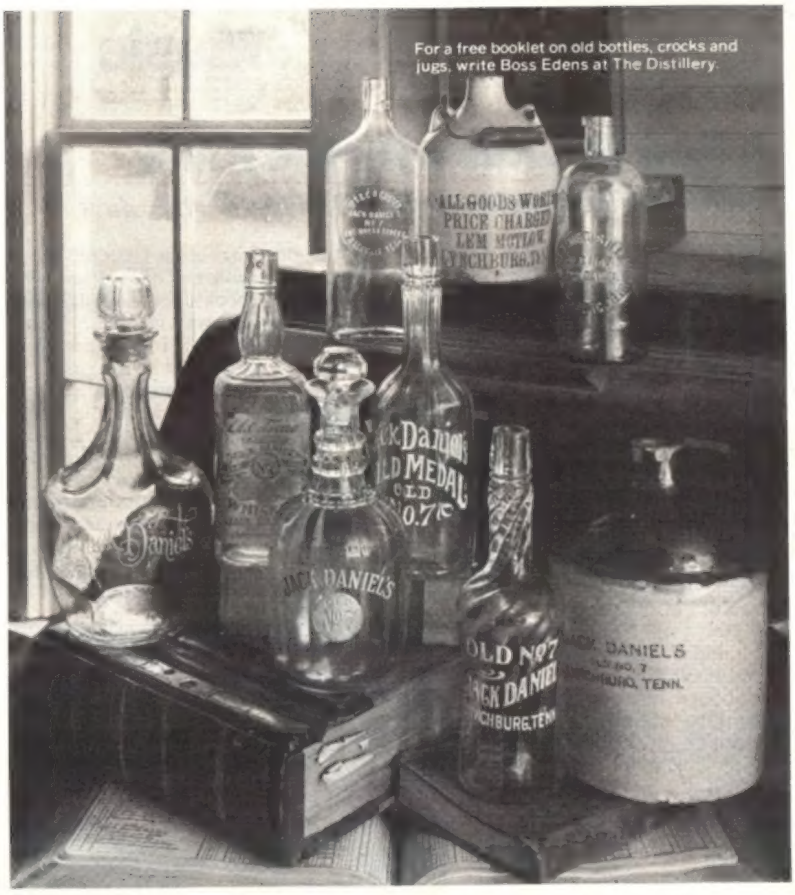
DIED. Olivier Chandon de Briailles, 27, racecar driver, boyfriend of Supermodel **Christie Brinkley**, and heir to the Moët & Chandon champagne fortune; by drowning, when his 1983 Ralt Formula Atlantic spun out of control at 100-plus m.p.h. during a practice run, careered off the track, exploded and sank in a nearby canal; in West Palm Beach, Fla.

DIED. Georges Rémi (nom de plume: Hergé), 75, Belgian artist-creator of the internationally known comic-strip chronicles of Tintin, the perennially youthful and sparky reporter-adventurer who first appeared in a Brussels newspaper and went on to star in 23 books that have sold 80 million copies in 30 languages and enchanted three generations of children; in Brussels.

DIED. Valery Tarsis, 76, dissident Soviet novelist who was deprived of his U.S.S.R. citizenship in 1966 during a lecture tour of Britain, becoming the first in a modern line of enforced exiles; after a heart attack; in Bern, Switzerland. Once a writer and editor in good official standing, Tarsis grew disillusioned with Communism in the 1950s. The publication abroad of his scathing 1962 novel *The Bluebottle* earned him an eight-month stay in a Soviet mental hospital, an experience he described in his autobiographical novel *Ward 7:* "All around him were faces exposed by sleep or distorted by nightmares . . . it is always hard to be the only one awake, and it is almost unbearable to stand the third watch of the world in a madhouse . . ."

DIED. Ulrich Middeldorf, 81, German-born Renaissance art expert who fled Hitler and from 1935 to 1953 taught at the University of Chicago, where he fostered a generation of art scholars now playing key roles in American museums and universities; in Florence.

DIED. Florence Gould, 87, longtime patron of the arts who gave moral support and millions to leading French literary figures, and in the post–World War II years surrounded herself with something of a Parisian Bloomsbury group that included André Gide, Jean Cocteau and Salvador Dali; in Cannes. Born in San Francisco of French parents, she married Frank Jay Gould, son of the railroad robber baron, in 1923; together they invested shrewdly in Riviera real estate and built the casino, and the cachet, that made their Juan-les-Pins resort famous.



THESE OLD BOTTLES go back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to observe special occasions.

One was for winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair. And another, in 1896, on the 100th anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even had his nephew make a special bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville.
But when it came to whiskey, Mr. Jack insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to change that, no matter what the occasion.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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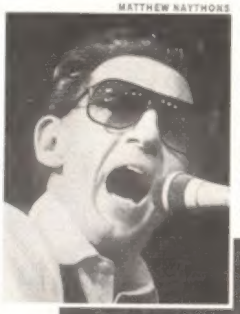
A Few Rounds with the Killer

Twelve new records celebrate Jerry Lee Lewis' glory days

He knows what he is. "I'm a rompin', stompin', piano-playin' son of a bitch. A *mean* son of a bitch. But a great son of a bitch." Here's to you, then, Jerry Lee Lewis, unreconstructed rocker and mean-mouthed, sweet-souled Louisiana country singer. A new twelve-album set, *Jerry Lee Lewis: The Sun Years*, covers the glory years from 1956 to 1963 and is assembled with the kind of reverence and archival zeal usually reserved for the cantatas of a J.S. Bach. The collection, sold in this country for under $100, is marketed by Charly Records Ltd. of London.


MATTHEW NATTHONS

Not even Elvis, whose long and mighty shadow so often shaded Jerry Lee, has ever been so honored. Presley records have become fairly random collections of ill-assorted tracks. Albert Goldman's 1981 biographical pillaging gut-shot the King on the first page and left him to bleed for 590 more. Jerry Lee, still touring, still recording, still hellacious, has lucked into a much better deal. Two years ago, Nick Tosches wrote a definitive rock biography, *Hellfire*, that plunged right to the glowing white heart of Lewis' Pentecostal furies and set down forever all of Jerry Lee's unassuaged demons. Now come these records, 209 cuts in all, and each a great ball of fire.

Rock has produced a few top piano thumpers—Fats Domino, Huey Smith—but none burned with the passion of Jerry Lewis. Sam Phillips, who had started Sun Records in Memphis, sold the contract of his major star, Elvis Presley, to RCA in 1955 for the then unheard-of sum, for a new singer, of $35,000, and he was shopping around for a replacement. Jerry Lee, 21, looked like just the boy. Nicknamed the Killer, to his perpetual displeasure, Lewis sang country, which was not then considered commercially hot. But he also played mean boogie-woogie. He would sit down on the edge of the bench, right leg stuck out stiff, a habit acquired from practicing when he had a broken hip. He would whip up a heavy rhythm with his left hand and play such a furious melody with his right that the tune would beg for mercy. The sound was backwoods, roadhouse. Phillips listened to all of ten seconds of Lewis' audition tape of *Crazy Arms*. "I can sell that," he said.

That tape instantly became Lewis' first single. *Crazy Arms* kicks off *The Sun Years*, along with *End of the Road*, which contains the spooky, defiant and haunting lines "Well, the way is dark,/ Night is long,/ I don't care if I never get home!/ I'm waitin' at the end of the road!" The new albums contain 57 songs originally issued on Sun, as well as seven others, initially slicked up with overdubbing, heard here "raw"; 77 more tracks, released pretty much at random after the Sun catalogue was sold in 1969, are presented in original mono sound; there are also 60 never-issued alternate takes of songs like *Great Balls of Fire* and *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On*, and eight cuts never released before, including a lubricious version of the Pat Boone groaner, *Love Letters in the Sand*.

UPI

Whole lotta shakin' goin' on: Lewis today, top, and in 1958

"I'm a rompin', stompin', piano-playin' son of a bitch."

If one of Faulkner's Snopeses had ever taken up piano, he might not have played like Lewis, but he could well have acted just like him. Four times married (and not always with the benefit of previous divorce), a few times rich, many times broke, Lewis was briefly, with Presley away in the Army and the youth of America hot-wired by the strains of *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On* and *Great Balls of Fire* and *High School Confidential*, the Absolute Supreme Being of rock. But scandal brought him low: the British press cooked up a fine frenzy over Jerry Lee's marriage to his 13-year-old cousin Myra Brown. Women married young back in Ferriday, La., but this was no matter to Americans either. They joined in the censure; Jerry Lee's name slid to the bottom of the pop charts, and then below it.

Not until the late '60s, with a new record company and a heavier country inflection, did things brighten again. He became a big country star, but—as if he were enacting a cycle of celebrity and retribution—things fell apart again. He had lost Myra, remarried, and lost his new wife too. He was sometimes arrested now, and often suffered from alcoholic and pharmacological excess. He was frequently sued by ex-wives, former employees and miscellaneous creditors, and plagued on several occasions by liens from Internal Revenue. In 1981 he nearly died from a perforated stomach. Jerry Lee Lewis has not only lived out the rock-'n'-roll fantasy but the horror story as well.

At 47 he is still playing oldies shows and medium-size concert dates and bumping around the boonies, and he is still hollering defiance. Last week, at a joint called the Lonesome Armadillo in Roseville, Calif., Jerry Lee got to a part of the *Trouble in Mind* lyric that goes "Put me six feet in the ground" and interpolated, "I throw the dirt right in your face!"

One of the most impressive aspects of the Tosches biography, and one of the most memorable moments on *The Sun Years*, is the depth of Lewis' fundamentalist fervor. Before the tapes roll on one take of *Great Balls of Fire*, Lewis can be heard locked in feverish theological debate with a somewhat astonished Sam Phillips. The intensity is scary and spellbinding, and leaves no doubt about with whom Jerry Lee believes he has cast his lot. "You've got to walk and *talk* with God to go to heaven . . . I have the devil in me! If I didn't have, I'd be a Christian!"

Indeed, periodically seized by remorse over a misspent life, Lewis will still ruminate over making a stand for God. But the devil—the music, and the life that goes with it—always wins out. Shared or not, that fundamentalist faith gives Jerry Lee's music, even to a heathen, the unique power of sin. No smart talk or sidestepping for him. This is the devil's music, and Jerry Lee Lewis plays it with the aplomb of a peer. He may smell damnation himself, but that unholy gift of his has surely secured him a place in rock-'n'-roll heaven. Right up there in the dark. At the end of the road.

—By Jay Cocks

You have all the time in the world to shoot. That's the problem.

Every other shot, every other move, is almost all instinct.

But at the line, you ponder. How much arc does it need? How much spin?

Then suddenly you realize it's as easy as it was when you were a kid.

Don't think so much. Just shoot the ball.

To make something work, you have to give it just the right amount of thought. And the right amount of time. We know about that at Anheuser-Busch. Because that's how we brew the clean, distinctive taste of Budweiser® Light.

We know the best never comes easy. That's why there's nothing else like it.

Bring out your best.™

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